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# Northern Messenger

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WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR AND HAVE COME TO WORSHIP HIM.

—Thomas Nelson & Sons, Children's Books.

## Greeting to You.

Greeting to you all, and may you all be merry and full of joy in this Christmas season, and may the new year be full of good things for you.

As we were sure of your sympathy when we were burned out of house and home, we are sure of your sympathy now that we are able to use our own great new presses.

We did our best under difficulties, and your letters of cheer and affectionate good wishes helped much. Now we want you to rejoice with us over our new possibilities and spread the news of our colored pictures among the children and the grown ups, who even more than the children enjoy color.

The color work is new to us and to our printers, but we are sure of one thing about it, which is that we will improve it with every new issue of the 'Messenger.'

We expect to have colored pictures in every issue of the 'Messenger' in the coming year, and to make it more and more attractive to young and old. Write and tell us how you like the new departure and remember we publish the paper for you all, and are always glad to hear what you like best and want to have us put in it. May the new year bring joy and peace and prosperity to you all and to the 'Northern Messenger,' and so as Tiny Tim observed, 'God bless us every one!'

## His Birthday.

(Henderson Daingerfield Norman.)

They brought Him their birthday presents—
The incense and gold and myrh;
The sumptuous Christmas roses,
The cedar and box and fir;
They made all His temple splendid
With tapers of purest ray,
And they said "'Tis a heavy burden—
This keeping of Christmas Day.'

The Child's sweet eyes looked gravely
At glitter of wax and gold.
The gifts that were hard to bring Him
Were hard for His hands to hold.
Gleaming and hard and splendid
They all on the altar lay.
But the Child's dear hands were empty
As sadly He went his way.

He went where a single candle
Burned clear on a window sill.
A cake at the door was ready
That the Christ Child might have His fill.
Outside was the sheaf for Christmas,
The barley and wheat and rye—
That the birds might enjoy the Birthday
Though snowdrifts were white and high.

Within sat a girl-child, singing,
A doll held against her breast,
With queer little crooked stitches
The cherished gift was dressed.
For a child had prepared the present,
Her heart with delight aglow
That a poorer than she should have it—
The thing she had treasured so.

The Lord Christ stood on the threshold,
And, watching, His dark eyes smiled
On the light, the cake, the Christmas sheaf
And the child's gift to a child.
The weary feet were rested,
The heart from its sadness freed,
With gifts were the pierced hands laden,
His Birthday was kept indeed.
—Selected.

In the manger at Bethlehem was cradled the hope of the world. That is why Christmas is the universal festival. That is why the world rejoices. But the manger must be interpreted largely. In the babe is the promise of the man and the Saviour. It is not the birth alone that makes the gospel; it is also the life, the passion, the death, the resurrection, the ascension. Christmas carries all this in its happy content.

'Jesus was born,' and in his birth the whole world put off its old and helpless self to begin with new energy and new hope. He came to give every man the morning star—new ideas, new impulses, new ambitions, a new star and a new sky. By this sign we know that the Son of Man has come into the world and into our hearts: all is new, dewy, young, immortal! We cannot tire, we canot die. In Christ we are young forever, for he has given unto us 'the morning star,'—Joseph Parker.

No sermon on prayer could be more comforting and convincing than the precious little story told of the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. A young friend of hers, studying in Germany, had lost himself in a fog of speculations, and had given up his faith in revealed religion. Mrs. Stowe set herself to bring him back to the light of truth, and for months, week by week, wrote him long letters of arguments and evidence. We know what brilliant force that strong mind could bring to bear upon such a theme; what tender eloquence, what irresistible pleadings; but it was all in vain. The fog did not lift.

As the Christmas season drew near, the old Christian shut herself into her own chamber, and asked to be undisturbed, that she might give herself wholly to pleading for a gift from the Father, even the salvation of that young soul. Of those days spent in secret prayer, none may know the history, but the first mail that could bear a Christmas greeting from Berlin said: 'During the Christmas season my doubts vanished, and I now see Jesus to be the salvation of sinful men.'

It was not that the Christian pleader had 'overcome God's reluctance'; oh! no. She had laid hold of his highest willingness.—'Forward.'

## One Way to Keep Christmas Sacred in the Home.

(By Mary Newell Youtz.)

There are three lively, wide-awake children in our home—Charles, eleven; Josie, eight, and Eleanor, four. They are fairly bursting with excitement over Christmas secrets and Christmas jollity. How can we keep the spirit and meaning of Christmas before them without curtailing any of the merriment?

The idea of celebrating Christ's birthday looks toward the solution. His birthday will be happier if we are trying to please Him; so the day before Christmas a box is made ready for the 'poor children.' This is packed by the children themselves, and it is understood that all their little offerings must be in good repair. No broken things are allowed to go in; so there is much putting to rights and glueing and mending. There are little sacrifices, too, and some not so little from the child's point of view. There is much wondering and exclamation as to whether the 'little poor children' will like this or that toy, and it would do your heart good to see with what zest the three go into it all. And when at last the lad carries off the box, with it go many loving thoughts for the little unknown friends less fortunate than the senders.

A more important event still, and one quite as much anticipated as the Christmas Day itself, is the trimming of their beloved tree. It is only a tiny tree, selected by the children days beforehand, but it is made beautiful by many candles and glittering ornaments. This tree is in honor of Christ's birthday, and the little people try in every way to make it come up to their ideal of beauty. The decorations are saved from year to year, the children usually adding some much-admired ornament, purchased with their own money. There is much discussion and experimenting and suggesting and rushing about before all is ready.

No gifts are put on the tree—all that is left for Christmas Day. To-night is the 'Jesus baby's birthday, as Eleanor says, and the tree is decorated for Him, and with as much enthusiasm as are their own birthday cakes. As a last touch, a tiny figure, with outstretched arm as though in blessing, is placed on the topmost bough to represent the Christ Child. Then the trio, their faces shining with delight, proudly escort us in to admire their work. The tree is, indeed, lovely with its glittering candles and ornaments, with soft sprinklings of cotton to simulate snow. Isn't this better than the conventional Christmas tree in which the children have had no part?

In the early evening comes the programme, which is arranged with a few suggestions from Mother. This does not require special preparation, for the songs are familiar, the recitations from 'memory work' at school, and the Scripture also from school work. Here is last year's programme:

Hark the Herald Angels Sing—All together.
Luke ii., 8-20—Recitation by Charles.
Luther's Childs' Christmas Hymn—'Away in a Manger.' Sung by Josie and Eleanor.
There Came a Little Child to Earth—Recitation by Josie.
'Oh Little Town of Bethlehem.' Sung by Mother in Royal David's City once.
—By the three children.
Matthew ii., 1-12—Recitation by Mother.
'As With Gladness Men of Old—Sung by all.

This last we sing, joining hands, around the tree, in good German fashion, with no lights but those from the candles on the tree. Not a heart, young or old, but is full of the Christmas spirit and of love for the Christ Child. This part of our Christmas closes by father leading us all in a prayer. Then there is a mad scamper to hang up stockings before jumping into bed.

You ask, 'Do the children care for all this?' Last year, by way of experiment, I proposed that we do away with the tree and the little programme. 'Why, mother, it wouldn't be Christmas without the tree!' said one. 'I don't believe Jesus would like us not to notice his birthday,' said another. 'O, it's so lovely to sit up late and have the 'entertainment' and all,' said the third.

So we shall keep Christ's birthday as usual, thankfully and lovingly; we parents knowing that a day will come when these little joys will be for our children most precious memories, and hoping that these memories will carry the Christ spirit into other homes.

The next morning all is hilarity and fun, but we feel that Christ's coming has meant more to these children than a mere exchange of gifts. It has meant thought for the unfortunate; doing honor to Christ with their own hands and voices; and, we believe, a kindling in their hearts of more love for him, for he has been in our midst. —'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

# Their Christmas Wedding Bells.

Love or 'Life'; Which?

(By Cyril Richmond.)

'Ted Jackson! Going to be married! Never!'

'It is true. He told me so himself. And it's to be at Christmas.'

'I don't know how some fellows do it. I have more salary than Ted, and I can't afford to marry.'

'Nor I. Do you ever think seriously of it?'

'Often.'

'Really!'

'Yes. When I was living at Brixton there was a lovely girl in St. John's choir. I became very much attached to her; but when I went into the cost, it came out at a prohibitive figure. So I dismissed the idea.'

'And the lady?'

'Oh, well! she may have been disappointed. I know I was. But it was of no use. I can spend all I earn without being married.'

'So can I. Well, what is the week's programme?'

'I think I'll go to the Adelphi tonight. I'm going to the Wilsons' tomorrow evening. On Thursday I have to meet some fellows at the club for a bridge party. On Friday I'm booked for dinner again, and on Saturday, if it is fine, I shall go up the river, and most likely stay over Sunday.'

The work of the office went on, but to John Daly it had lost its usual interest. The little talk which he had had with Sam Williams had made him dissatisfied with himself and with things in general. There was Ted Jackson, a younger man than himself, getting £50 a year less salary, about to marry. Five years before, the face of a girl who sat Sunday by Sunday in one of the choir stalls in the church he then attended at Brixton had imprinted itself on his mind.

Now that face was on the ledger, and debtor and creditor entries became hopelessly mixed up with it, and John could not enter or add up or do anything with the book.

He closed the ledger and took the journal, but it was just the same. Every column and line and total was in some mysterious way blended with that beautiful face, with its reproaching sadness. John Daly could not stand this. He closed the journal with a bang ,and then went to the private office. Mr. Thompson, one of the principals, sat at his desk.

'I—I—am very sorry, sir. I am not well. I shall have to go home. Will you excuse me, sir?' John said.

'Oh, Mr. Daly! I am sorry. Certainly; go home at once. They shall send for a cab.'

'Oh, no! Please don't trouble, sir. It is not necessary.'

. . . . . .

It was Friday evening. Ted Jackson, by Mr. Thompson's wish, had gone to Brompton, where John Daly lived to see how he was. Ted was seated in the little room which served as John's sitting room. They had talked of affairs at the office, and now had come a pause. For a minute or two nothing was said. Ted sat looking into the bright fire. John Daly was leisurely smoking a favorite briar-root pipe.

'I say, Ted!' John said at length, abruptly.

'Yes!' replied Ted, as he turned his eyes upon his colleague.

'However are you going to do on your salary when you are married?' John asked, with a perplexed air.

'Oh, we shall be all right.'

'Yes, but how? I could not do it, and I'm getting more money than you.'

'Of course you could. Quite easily.'

'No. It takes all I get to keep me now.'

'That proves nothing, except that the money goes. You spend in one way and live here in 'digs.' I shall spend in another way and live with my—cherie.' Ted paused and smiled.

'I—don't—see—it,' drawled John Daly,

Ted looked round. His eye caught the decanters on the sideboard. One was half-full of port wine. Another was nearly half-full of whiskey.

'Well; see. We are here alone; just you and I. Tell me; how much a week does your port wine and whiskey and stout cost you?' said Ted.

'It's impossible to say.'

'Ten shillings?'

'More, I should say.'

'Well, say twelve shillings. How much is that a year?'

'Oh—well!'

'Thirty-one pounds four. How long has it been that?'

'Oh, heaven only knows! Fifteen years, at any rate.'

'Very well. Fifteen years at £31 4s. a year; how much is that?'

'Four—six—eight. Four hundred and sixty-eight pounds.'

'And compound interest; say another hundred and fifty; that makes six hundred and eighteen pounds.'

John Daly looked aghast.

'Now, see. I could buy the house we shall go to and furnish it well for that money.'

'You—could?'

'Yes. You have drunk a house like that and its furniture in the last fifteen years.'

'That—has—certainly—been — so,' said John Daly, perplexed.

'What have you for the outlay?'

A shadow came over John Daly's face. His brow became furrowed. Then disappointment mingled with the shadow.

'Not—a—red—cent,' he said slowly.

'Very well. Now, suppose that £31 4s., and such other money as you could have added, had gone to pay the rent of such a house as this—would not the remainder of your salary have been sufficient to keep the house and your wife and yourself nicely?'

'It might have been,' replied John Daly, thoughtfully.

'It would have been. You could have had a good house and a good time on your earnings. We shall do well on less, you will see. But not one red cent of my earnings goes that way,' said Ted, with a nod at the decanters. 'And there is another thing,' he went on. 'When a fellow marries, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has made a sphere as well as a home, for some bright and responsive girl.'

The cloud on John Daly's face darkened. For some minutes he did not say a word. Then, musing, he whispered:

'It—is—too—late; too—late.'

'Nonsense! It is never too late to do better. You can start now and have a far better start than we shall have.'

'But I have no —"cherie," as you have.'

'Why, there are thousands of splendid girls just wasting, absolutely wasting; nay, worse, competing with us men in the world, just for the want of the proper home sphere. Find one of them, and set up a home of your own.'

John Daly's gaze became fixed on the glowing embers. Ted had led his thoughts into a new channel.

'I must go,' said Ted at last.

'All—right! Say that I shall be down on Monday.'

'I will. Good-day!'

How merrily the bells ushered in that bright Christmas morning! It seemed as if the sky was the purer, the air the more transparent, and everything the brighter and the gayer because it was not only Christmas Day, but Ted Jackson's wedding day. The staff of Manley, Thompson and Co. were at the church. They had come, as they said, good-humoredly, 'to see Ted make away with himself.' John Daly sat alone at the end of a pew in the shadow of a wall. He followed every word of the marriage service with intense eagerness. A great and overpowering sense of disappointment, of failure, and of a life purpose missed, took possession of him, and he sat as one in a trance. When the last strains of the 'Wedding March' had died away, and the bride and bridegroom and all the people had gone, he reached for his hat and stick, and walked slowly from the pew and from the church like one in a dream.

Late in the day, when the world without was all a-sparkle with Christmas merriment, and the sounds of song and laughter and of the gladness of children came from lighted rooms, halls, and doorways, John Daly sat alone, with unlit lamp, gazing into the ruddy embers of the fire, thinking, thinking of things which were, and of things which might have been.

At the office they noticed that John Daly had ceased to talk as airily about 'life' as he had been in the habit of doing. A change had come over him, but what had caused it they did not know.

One Wednesday he had decided to stay late to prepare for balancing, so at half-past four he went out to have tea at a cafe in Cornhill. As he entered the tearoom he noticed a fair girl sitting by a table, alone. His eyes chanced to meet hers, and he saw that it was Agnes Manville, of Brixton. Without hesitation he walked towards her and sat down by her side.

'Agnes! How strange! I have been thinking so much of you of late, and wishing so much that I could meet you,' he said warmly.

'Have you—really?' There was the old sweetness in her voice.

'I have, indeed. I wanted to see you so much.'

'To—see—me!'

'Yes, and to talk to you.'

In a minute John Daly had learned that she, Agnes Manville, was still free, to love and to be loved, and that in her heart there was still the old regard for him.

After that meeting he saw her often and said much to her. He told her how very selfish he had been and that his life had been a ghastly, haunting failure.

'That is all past and gone. Never mind! Begin again. You have your true life to live yet. Begin now,' she said, in words so sweet, and yet so full of confident belief in him, that they were an inspiration to him.

He began again, as she had said. And now, once more, she was at his side, a veritable angel of light and leading. His wine, spirits, and beer was entirely stopped. In Agnes's society he found a truer pleasure than in the society of those with whom he had chiefly been associating. At last he made a confession to Agnes. It was one of whole-hearted love to her, and with the confession there went a plea that she would share his life and help him to do better than he had done alone. There were blushes, hesitations, and smiles, and at last there came a full and generous acquiescence.

When next the Christmas bells rang out they ushered in the wedding morn of John Daly and Agnes Manville.—'Alliance News.'

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Sunday, January 2, 1910.

## John, the Forerunner of Jesus.

Matt. iii., 1-12 Memory verses, 2, 3.

**Golden Text.**

'The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.'—Matt. iii., 3.

**Home Readings.**

Monday, December 27.—Matt. iii., 1-12.

Tuesday, December 28.—Luke iii., 1-18.

Wednesday, December 29.—John i., 15-28.

Thursday, December 30.—Mark i., 1-8.

Friday, December 31.—Luke vii., 19-28.

Saturday, January 1.—Isa. xl., 1-8.

Sunday, January 2.—John iii., 23-30.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES. ..

Last Sunday we were studying about the birth of King Jesus and how, although he was not born in a palace and had no crown, there were some people who knew that he really was a king. Now, every king must have a kingdom if he is really a king, so Jesus had a kingdom then, although he did not seem to. In our lesson to-day we are told what the kingdom is, over which Jesus rules. We have in our lesson the announcement of the great kingdom (verse 2), the herald of the king (verse 1), his message (verses 2, 3), the people to whom he gave this message (verse 5), the description of those who can or cannot get into the kingdom (verses 10-12), the road to the kingdom (verse 2), the gate to the kingdom (verse 11), and what the great king is like (verses 11, 12). This is the kingdom of heaven, Jesus himself said so, (Matt. iv., 17; John xviii., 33-37); John the Baptist is the herald of the king; his message was 'prepare for the king'; the people to whom he spoke were just all sorts of people like any crowd you might see to-day; those who can get into the kingdom, he said, were those who served the king, those who were not ready to serve the king would be shut out; the road to the kingdom was the road of repentance, the way of leaving behind our wrong-doings and trying to do the right; the only gate to the kingdom is through the power of God's Spirit in our hearts; and the great King, Jesus, says John, is very powerful and very just. We know now a good deal more about King Jesus and his kingdom than John did, because Jesus himself has taught us, but all that John said was very true, so let us study about this to-day.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Since we are to pass a year in the study of Christ's life as told by Matthew, it will be well to spend a few minutes in finding out the object this particular biographer had in view, the people he had in mind, and something of the biographer himself. Although there is no absolute proof, the trend of tradition which is generally accepted, is that Matthew wrote this Gospel. It is particularly addressed to Jewish readers, and aims to show that Christ fulfils the Old Testament prophecies of a coming Messiah. Roughly, the plan of Matthew to set forth the king, his kingdom, its laws, and establishment on earth, can be followed all through this Gospel. It will be impossible here to enter into this more fully, but, in the Bible classes, especially, this is an interesting subject for discussion, and inquiry. With this in mind, the same method as suggested for the junior classes may be followed in more detail by the older scholars. John the Baptist, the herald of the kingdom, is an interesting study in himself; the home readings for the week give the principle references to be looked up in this connection. A stern man himself he apprehended, clearly, the inflexible justice of Christ, the stern laws of that kingdom, he came to proclaim, but we must not forget that John did not have a complete revelation. However, just as surely to-day as then, the only road to the kingdom is repentance. That definition of a soldier, that 'repentance is right about face' is good, but it is more than that, it is right about face and forward march. Repentance is not only a passive regret for the time that is past, but an active endeavor for the time yet to come. As John expressed it in the rite of baptism, it is a burial to the old life, a rising again to the new; a washing away of the evil past, a cleansed heart for the new ways of the future. The tree must bring forth fruit if it is to be suffered to stand. This is unalterable, Christ reiterated it (John xv., 2, 6.), but this is not by any means a Gospel of salvation by works. The fruit is but the sign of that life, which only faith in Christ can give through His Holy Spirit (verse 11), yet to be established only by the evidence of the fruit. John the Baptist did not preach a Gospel of works.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Just as valleys must be filled in as well as hills cut away in order to make a level highway, so good deeds must be done as well as evil deeds avoided, in order to open that highway for the King of Kings.

Every duty carried out, every righteous deed wrought, every kindness shown, every day rightly lived, improves the Royal Highway. As Dickens says in his inimitable way, 'Possibly we might even improve the world a little, if we got up early in the morning, and took off our coats to the work.'

Verse 6.—'They were baptized of him.' Among the ceremonial washings common among the Jews, probably the one to which they attached the greatest importance was the baptism of proselytes. When a pagan desired to become a Jew, he was immersed in water as a sign that he washed away his old sins and his old superstitions and emerged a new man. He ceased to be a pagan; he became a Jew When John the Baptizer began his ministry, it was with the declaration that the Jew needed cleansing no less than a pagan. You call yourselves, he said, children of Abraham. God could make out of the stones at your feet as good children as you are. To emphasize his teaching he called on them to be baptized and re-enter the Church of God, as though they had ben pagans.—Lyman Abbott, in the 'Outlook.'

Verse 8.—'Fruits meet for repentance.'—A hardened criminal was led by Mrs. Maud Booth to sincere repentance. He became a member of a prison league, and the change in his conduct and even in his face was soon marked by all. He had only one more year to serve for the crime for which he was imprisoned, and then he would be free. But years ago he had committed another crime, and for that crime an innocent man was suffering punishment. As his conscience became educated, he could not rest, and at last he told Mrs. Booth his wretched story. Could he confess to the authorities and give up his approaching freedom? It was a hard struggle, but he won. He went to the warden and confessed, though he knew this act meant ten years more of imprisonment for him. 'Warden,' he said. 'What I have told you is true. I'll take my time like a man. They can imprison my body, but now my soul is forever free.'

Verse 9.—'Think not to say within yourselves. We have Abraham to our father.' A peasant was driving some geese to town, to sell them. The geese did not like to be hurried, and they poured out their complaints to a traveller whom they met.

'Where can you find geese more unhappy than we? See how this peasant is hurrying on, this way and that, driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow! He never thinks how he is bound to respect us, for we are descendants of the very geese that saved Rome so many years ago.' 'But for what do you expect to be famous yourselves?' asked the traveller. 'Because our ancestors'—'Yes, I know. I have read all about it. But what I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?' 'Why, our ancestors saved Rome.' 'Yes, yes; but what have you done?' 'We? Nothing.' 'Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honored for their deeds; but you are only fit for roasting.'—A Russian Fable.

Verse 11.—'With fire.' 'Fire consumes and purifies; the Messiah will remove from the hearts of men all that is evil.' (Holtzmann).

Everywhere are the blessings to man which King Jesus brought with him when living on earth in human form. The miracles of Christ are the types of what Christianity is doing on a far larger scale than could be done in Palestine. The kindly feeling, the desire to help, the increased skill which springs up under Christianity as flowers and fruits grow in the sunshine, have made Christ's works through his peoples greater than those he wrought in person. They are not miracles, but are better than the power of miracles, as the prolonged sunshine is better than a flash of lightning. Blind asylums have opened many eyes, and caused people to read and work even without sight. Hospitals have cured and cared for multitudes of sick and insane. We cannot raise the dead to life, but the average length of life has been greatly increased. The day laborer has more of the best things in the world, books, libraries, churches, railways, telegraphs, newspapers, than kings have in heathen lands. Christ is making a reality of the Oriental legend of the fountain into whose waters a good angel infused the mysterious power that a new fountain rose and gushed wherever some drops fell on the barren plain, so that a traveller carrying a portion of this water could safely traverse any desert however wide or dry, because he took with him the secret of unfailing springs; and he could impart their waters to others.

**Junior C. E. Topic.**

Sunday, Jan. 2.—Topic — Through this year with God. Num. ix., 15-23; x., 10. (A New Year's consecration meeting).

**C. E. Topic.**

Monday, Dec. 27.—What is sin? Jas. iv., 17.

Tuesday, Dec. 28.—We have sinned. Rom. iii., 23.

Wednesday, Dec. 29.—The wages of sin. Rom. vi., 23.

Thursday, Dec. 30.—Christ is able to save. Heb. vii., 25.

Friday, Dec. 31.—He died for our sins. I. Cor. xv., 3.

Saturday, Jan. 1.—He takes away our sins. I. John iii., 4, 5.

Sunday, Jan. 2.—Topic.—Why do we need a Saviour? Rom. xxiii., 23, 24. (Consecration meeting.)

## Royal League of Kindness.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To spea kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cars, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents, and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

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What a good time of the year to join the league! We have four new members this week: Eva P. Jones, F. M., Ont.; Elizabeth Johnston, M., Man.; Frank Ritchie, M., Ont.; and Kenneth E. McConnell, C., Ont.

Some time ago we received a letter from Mary E. Roddick, out in the west, either in Saskatchewan or Alberta. She signed the pledge and ordered badge and pledge card, but forgot to send her address. We have been hoping to hear from Mary again, but as we have not, we ask her now to send her address so that we can forward the badge and card. Will anyone who knows Mary please bring this to her notice?

What a time of the year this is for thinking kind thoughts and doing kind deeds, and for planning them, too, for the whole new year that is such a little distance off. Oh, there is plenty for our R.L.K. members to do at this time, and one of the very best things they can do is to get others to join this league. It really seems, though, as if everybody just about Christmas time belonged to some league of kindness, doesn't it? What a grand lovely, happy time Christmas is! And with all the giving, there is one thing that everybody will appreciate, that will not make anyone's purse any the lighter, and that everyone can give, that is a smile. After all, it 's the smiles that make Christmas happy. All the gifts in the world wouldn't do that unless smiles went with them. Whatever else you see to, get a good supply of genuine hearty smiles on hand for free distribution, and may you all have a very happy Christmas.

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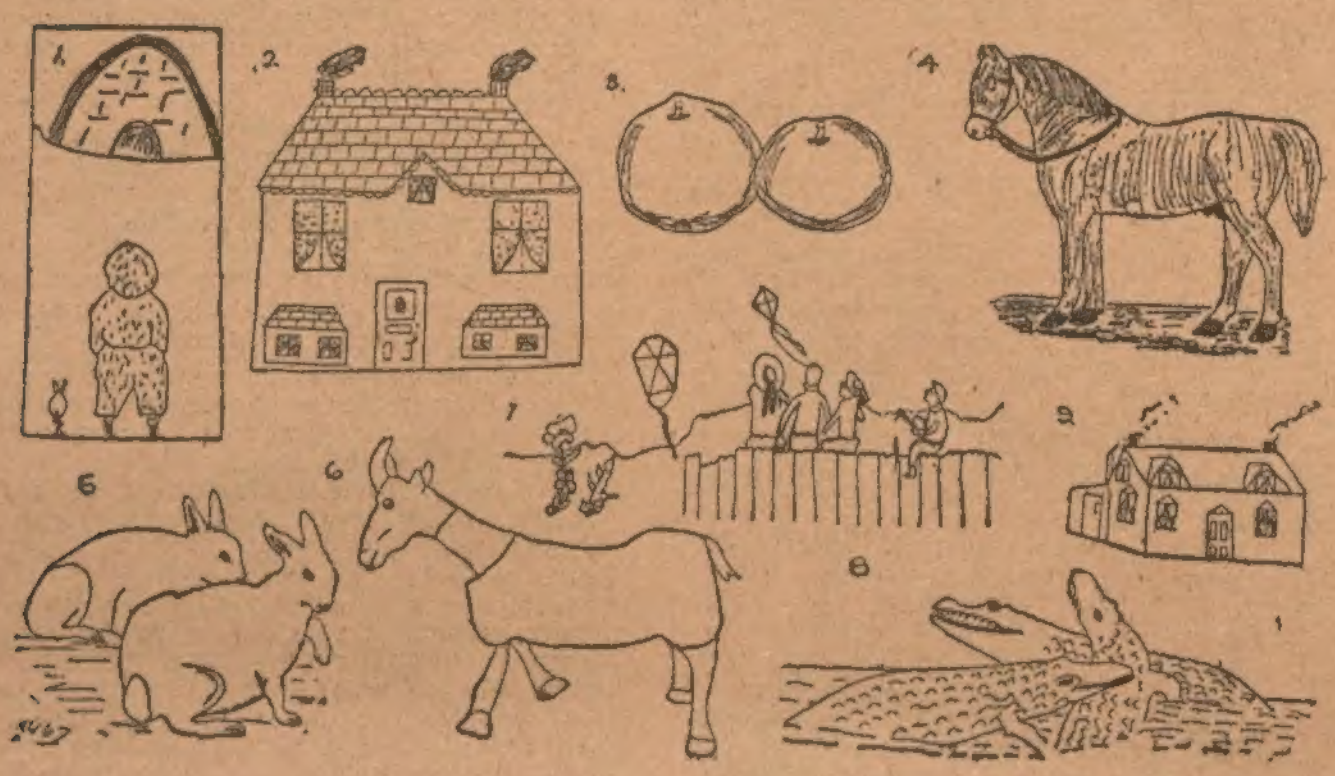

### OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Up North.' Douglas G. Martin. (Age 8), L., P. Que.
2. 'A House.' Audrey C. Phillips. (Age 8), B., Ont.
3. 'Apples.' Belle Marshall. (Age 8), C. C., N.S.
4. 'A Thoroughbred Stallion.' Fred Bergman. P. N. S.
5. 'My Pair of Bunnies.' Freddie Biggs. (Age 6), N.B., Ont.
6. 'Our Billy Goat.' Marguerite Marshall. (Age 6), C. C., N.S.
7. 'Flying Kites.' Bertha O. Graham. (Age 12), G. N.S.
8. 'Crocodiles.' Gracie Biggs. (Age 11), N. B., Ont.
9. 'Our House.' Joyce E. M. Procter. (Age 11), W. S., Sask.

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C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is quite a while since I have written to the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write again. I am going to school yet. We are practising for a little Christmas concert in the Sunday-school. I have a recitation called 'My Stocking,' to say. We have new shops and coal shootes here. The shops are made of cement, and there are eelctric lights in them. There is a steam-shovel here filling the engines until the new shootes are ready. There is good ice on the river now, and lots of people skate on it. I have not been down yet, as it is too far away. They are talking about making a rink here.

RUTH WILSON.

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F., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old, and I have two brothers. I am going to school, and I am in the third reader. We have been building a new kitchen this fall. I live on a farm. My brother Stuart has a two-year-old colt called 'Jessie,' and I have a yearling colt called 'Ruby.'

MURRY STALKER.

F. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 12 years old, and go to school every day. My sister teaches the school I go to, so I have it quite handy. I live in a little village and like it very much. We used to live on a farm, but now we are keeping store. All of us youngsters at school thougnt it was great fun when our first snowstorm came. We got out our sleighs and played around with them, and we all had a ride on a big sleigh. But next day all our fun was gone, for when we got up there was all the snow gone, and we felt bad, I guess. We are going to have a Christmas tree at the schoolhouse, so we are very busy practising for it. Hoping I will be able to keep my pledge. I will close.

FROM A VILLAGE LASSIE.

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W. S., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to the R.L.K. I got my badge a few weeks ago and thought it was very pretty. I go to school in the summer, but the school is closed now, for there were only two going, so they couldn't keep it going very long. For three days I was the only one at school. I am in grade 4. Next summer I will be in grade 5.

JOYCE E. M. PROCTER.
Age 11.

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F. L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and two sisters, and we live on a farm. I live a half a mile away from the school-house, and like to go, and like my teacher. In the morning school takes in at nine o'clock, and at night it lets out at four o'clock.

JESSIE THOMPSON.

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S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Springfield is a small town situated thirty miles south of the Annapolis Valley. In the town there are two churches, one school-house, six stores, a hotel, a station, a blacksmith shop, and two post-offices. My home is situated on a hill overlooking a small and very pretty lake. On the other side of the hill is a large mill owned and operated by the Davidson Lumber Company. My mamma and papa intend going to Boston at Christmas on a visit. I have a grandma and grandpa living there, and several aunts and uncles and cousins. I was thirteen years old in October.

SADIE B. R.

We are sorry, Sadie, that we cannot publish addresses in full. We have had to make that a rule.—Ed.

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### OTHER LETTERS.

Beatrice Moulton, S., Nfld., says: 'I have two bridges to cross going to school. We are practising for an entertainment now.'

Bertha O. Graham, G., N.S., is also thinking about Christmas. 'It will soon be Christmas holidays.'

J. Carswell, D., Que., sends a riddle, but it has been asked before.

Tottie S. May, B., Ont., says: 'We are going to have a Christmas tree this year.'

William Fleming, D., Que., has a horse named Topsy. 'She is a very pretty animal and is very much afraid of automobiles.'

Marion Smith, Evelyn Chapman, and Pearl Gray, write together from F. L., N.S. They are school friends. Evelyn lives 'in a brick house. I don't know how old it is, but papa says it is about a hundred years old. I like to live here.'

We also received short letters from Dorothy Hopper, C., Man., Belle Marshall, C. C., N.S., and Kitty Starsmeare, C., Ont.

# A Merry Christmas to All Little Folks.

## Christmas Night.

Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best,
Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed
And all the toys are put away, except
Perhaps my engine and the baby's bear,
Then Mother comes away from all the rest
Downstairs to tell our Christmas story there.

She takes the baby on her lap and we
Sit 'round her on the hearth-rug so we see
The pictures in the fire, and then she tells
About how Shepherds watched their flocks by night
And what the angel said, and how the three
Wise Kings came riding—and the big star's light.

And then she tells us how it showed the way
To just a stable where the oxen stay.
And there they found Him in His Mother's arms,
A little Baby Christ-child—and He smiled ;
And that (she says) is what made Christmas Day
For you and me and every little child.

Before the nursery fire when we're undressed
Sometimes I think that Christmas night's best.

—Theodosia Garrison, in the December 'Everybody's.'

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We had a merry Christmas, hadn't you ? We took holly to grandma and our sick aunty, and Molly and baby helped stir a pudding for Mrs. O'Brien, that washes for us and has no time to cook, and at dinner baby was scared she'd have to eat the holly on the pudding, and made us laugh and we got just heaps of things and baby got most 'cause she is the littlest, and she wanted to give them all to us. Isn't she a dear !

## Her Dearest Dolly.

In a Western mining camp a little girl had prayed for a doll, and the men, who loved and petted her constantly, declared she must have one.

They decided to make a doll. But of what ? Potatoes ! And potatoes were so scarce in camp that

BEFORE THE NURSERY FIRE.

they were almost worth their weight in gold. So at night, while the little girl slept, the big men worked, their clumsy hands and big knives held close to the candle while they carved the wonderful doll from potatoes and fastened the parts together. They painted cheeks, eyes and hair, and then arrayed in clothing of marvellous masculine manufacture. There was a happy little girl in camp next morning, but there were no potatoes for the Chritsmas dinner. 'And it was really the dearest dolly I ever had,' says Mrs. Alden, so well known to boys and girls as 'Pansy.'—'Home Herald.'

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## A Tip for Santa.

Ef any li'l' feller
Can't reach de Chris'mus limb—
Ef Santy Claus don't know his name,
Whisper it ter him !
Tell him : 'Stop dar, on yo' way;
Whar de li'l' fellers stay !'
Dunno what dey'll hang up
W'en Chris'mus Eve begin \
Ain't even got no stockin's
What any holes is in !
Let Santy Claus keep min' o' dat,
An' stop dar, whar dey livin' at.
De shiny Chris'mus winders
Is sayin' things ter you :
'De Chris'mus trees is plenty,
An' de po' folks—dey is, too !'
W'en Santy Claus fill hall an' limb,
Whisper de po' floks' name ter him !

—Atlanta 'Constitution.'

# THE CHRISTMAS BEAR.

(By Alix Thorn.)

It was at a big toy-shop in a busy city that, one October day, Jack spied the furry bears, black, brown, and white, sitting in a cheerful row facing the door. They looked as natural as baby bears would look if they had stolen away from the Zoo to sit politely in doll-chairs in a toy-shop.

You see, their legs were jointed, and it was most interesting to work them up and down. Then, too, they were all soft curls from the top of each funny head to the tip of every plump little paw.

Five-year-old Jack was with Big Sister, and she was looking at some baskets, when she heard a soft little 'Ah-h-h!' of delight, then a rapturous giggle, and then she turned to see Jack standing in the midst of a little crowd of other boys, with his sturdy legs far apart, watching the bears.

'Like them, boy?' inquired Big Sister.

'Oh!' breathed Jack. 'Oh, Margaret! I don't just like 'em. I guess I 'most love 'em!'

He patted one brown nose, shook the black paw of another, but he smoothed softly, with a kind little hand, the head of the small white bear.

Jack was very quiet that evening, pretty quiet the next morning, and at last he told his mother and Big Sister of a wonderful plan. He was going to save his pennies until Christmas, yes, every one, and then go straight to that toy-shop and buy the little white bear for his new cousin.

Jack had not seen this cousin, but two weeks before the postman had brought a thick envelope addressed to Jack himself and inside was the picture of a merry little baby, who appeared to have more skirts than he knew what to do with. On the back of the picture was written, 'William Hamilton Cathcart, jr., aged five months and four days.' This picture stood on the shelf in Jack's room. Every day he saw William Hamilton Cathcart, jr., looking down upon him, and he felt very grown-up indeed beside such a tiny boy.

The weeks passed by, and twice Jack had been to the toy-shop to see if the bear was still there. Once he went with his mother, and later with Big Sister. He watched it and stroked it and talked to it, yet he always noticed the other bears some, too. He didn't want them to feel neglected, you see. But he felt almost as if the dear little white bear was his own. The bank was growing, oh, so heavy!

## He Has Forgotten.

'Merry Christmas, girls and boys!'
Santa Claus, with team and toys,
Was just starting on his way
With an overladen sleigh;
Never heeding cold or wetting,
Not one single town forgetting.
But a puzzled look he wore
As he murmured o'er and o'er;
And I doubt if ever yet
Was Santa Claus in such a pet.
See! he purses up his lips,
Snaps his rsoy finger-tips;
All in vain he scans his store,
Names the children o'er and o'er.
Just one boy deserved a switch,
And he has forgttoen which!

—The 'Home Herald.'

The first week in December Big Sister went again with Jack to look up the white bear, and when they reached the shop nothing could be seen of him.

'Oh, Margaret,' cried Jack, imploringly. 'Oh, Margaret, some one has bought him,some one has! Oh, ask 'em where it is!'

The clerk was almost as much interested as they were, and said she was quite sure that especial bear had not been sold. She remembered one of the brown ones had been sent out that morning. Sure enough, hiding behind a doll carriage, at last they found the missing bear, cheerful and white as ever.

'We'll open your bank to-day, Jack,' said Big Sister, 'and see if you haven't money enough to buy that bear.'

And so that very afternoon the pennies, dimes, and quarters were counted, and there was enough to buy the little white bear, and five cents over.

So the bear came to Jack's home next morning. He sat up very straight in Jack's camp chair, and he held up his furry paws high above his head, as if to show how tall he was. Later he was packed in a strong box, and on the cover was printed :

'For Master William Hamilton Cathcart, jr.'

Jack watched the expressman carry it away, and only Big Sister saw the tremble in his lips and the tears in his eyes.

Well, when Christmas morning came, and Jack hurried to see his presents, he hardly glanced at his bulging stocking, for there by the fireplace sat a small something, white and furry, with paws held high above his head—what but a little white bear!

Jack lifted up his treasure, cuddling it in warm loving arms. He smiled blissfully as he whispered, 'I guess I know just how William Hamilton feels this day, mother, 'fore his letter comes—I know.'—'Sunday-School Times.'

## Abby Jane's Stocking Journey.

(By Helen M. Richardson.)

'Oh, dear! seems as if there were more holes than whole places!' Abby Jane held the stocking ball to the light and began to count: 'One—two—three—four—five—six holes! And all of 'em to be cross-stitched!' Then followed a discouraged sigh, as Abby Jane's brows drew together in fretful pucker.

'Did you ever go on a stocking journey?' asked Great-Aunt Leta, who was also darning stockings.

'No, I've never done anything but darn 'em—the holes, I mean,' Abby Jane replied, bending to her task.

'You'll be surprised to see how it helps,' Great-Aunt Lefa remarked as her needle flew in and out on a cross-stitch trip.

Abby Jane let her hole-decorated stocking-ball drop to her lap and began to study Great-Aunt Lefa.

'Is that the way you do it?' she queried, watching the flying needle.

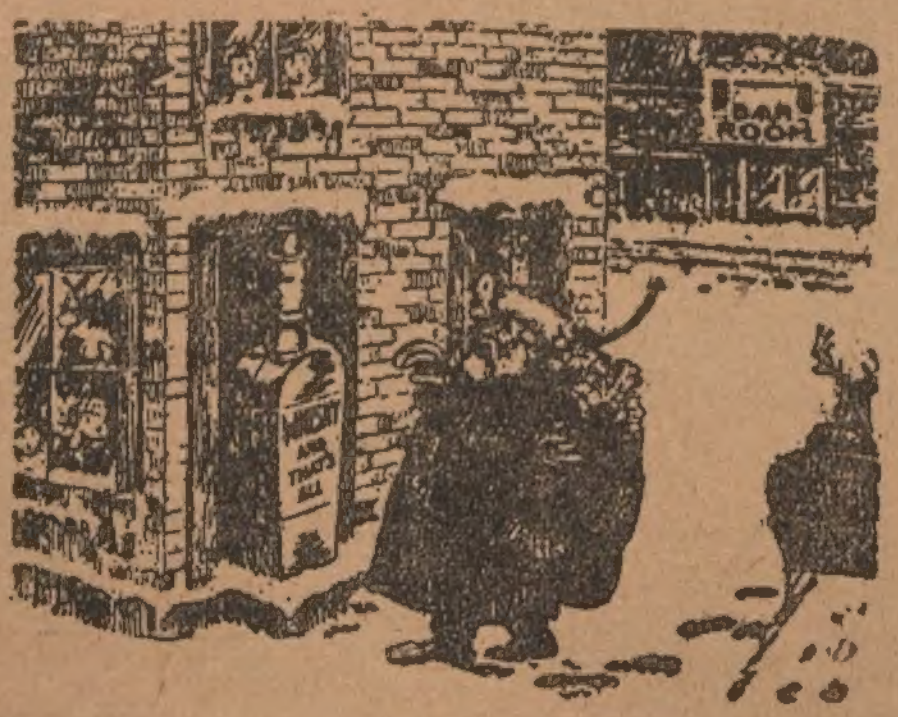
'Yes; I've just started for Boston. The train goes at half-past nine, and this lazy horse will never get me to the station unless I urge him,' was the hurried answer. 'There's my ticket to be bought and my trunk to be checked, and only five minutes to do it in. If the reins should get tangled, or Dolly should take a notion to slow up, the journey must be deferred, for there isn't another train until to-morrow morning.'

Great-Aunt Lefa held her darning cotton taut the while she skilfully guided the shining needle in and out through the network of stitches that was rapidly bridging the yawning chasm of a hole in the heel of the stocking she was mending.

'There!' she exclaimed, as the last stitch was taken, 'good old Dolly didn't fail me, after all. And now, while the train is speeding me from town to town, I shall have time to look my stocking over and decide what places to visit while in Boston. I shall want to take some electric rides, of course; and while enjoying them I hope to get several more holes neatly mended. You have no idea how interesting a stocking journey is until you have taken one,' Great-Aunt Lefa declared.

Abby Jane seized her stocking-ball and set to counting holes again. 'One—two—three—four—five—six delightful journeys!' she cried, gleefully. There was no trace of the doleful tone with which they had been counted before Great-Aunt Lefa had made stocking journeys possible. Who could be doleful with a visit to New York, a trip up Mt. Washington, a picnic in the Glen with some school friends—oh, and an automobile ride down in the village in Uncle Dexter's new runabout; and—Abby Jane had to pause and draw a long, deep breath before she could think up the rest of the places she would visit before those six big holes should be neatly bridged over with darning cotton.

'Oh dear! There goes the dinner-bell!' sighed Abby Jane, reluctantly running her needle in and out upon her magic stocking to keep it from unthreading. 'I shall have to wait now for the afternoon train to New York, and I did so want to catch the noon express. What fun stocking journeys are! I wonder if I can't find another hole after these six are darned,' she pondered as she reluctantly laid aside her stocking and danced to the dinner table.—'Zion's Herald.'




SANTA CLAUS—I'm kept out of many Homes in this way. It makes me sorry for the Kiddies. —The 'Pioneer.'

## Dr. Grenfell on Comparative Values.

(Continued.)

Believing literally as I do, that man naturally desires happiness, and that unbroken happiness, in a life that must ever be changing or cease to be, is only obtainable by using it for the purpose the Giver of it gave it, I was much interested in a very prosaic kind of evening diversion to which I was invited in a harbor in which I was anchored the other day, and with the life of which I have been familiar for many years. It was a question simply of repairing the church. The people have from time immemorial divided the labor among the adult members. A new element had, however, invaded the village, and labor at the dollar a day was now obtainable. There had always been one class of defaulters in the 'old days'—, the idle (and poorest consequently)—now there was a new set, those who would work free of cost for the Almighty only so long as they couldn't get a dollar a day to work anywhere else. This latest defection had so thinned the ranks of the volunteer workers that it was proposed to abandon free labor in future and pay everyone who put work in on the church from the expenses fund. It was pointed out, however, that oddly enough, not only was the church far more in need of repair than formerly, but also that far from being any money in the exchequer in these prosperous times,' there was a larger deficiency than usual. Raising the new rent was loudly protested against by an 'original pewholder' belonging to the 'no dollars no work' party.

A proposal from the chair that at least a lot of those who were willing to give voluntary labor should be forthwith taken was abandoned owing to the violent protests that such an action would only tend to a sp.. in the body ecclesiastic. Indeed, a 'modus vivendi' was only eventually arrived at after a speaker had pointed out the anomalous position the new conditions had led them as professing examples of self-effacement into. The meeting was dangerously near to denying that it was more blessed to give than to receive, a very fundamental teaching of the church's Master, who, for the joy that was set before him despised even the cross.' The refining influence of real sacrifice in a church was shown to be literally and absolutely a priceless possession, and that the closing of a door opportunity to give free labor to a man who had nothing else to give, would be abrogating one of the primal reasons that a church could to-day give for its very existence, viz., that it was a registry office or labor bureau, where every man's zeal for his Master would be directed into the most useful channel. These simple men at once recognized that at least so far as their fellows went their own value to the Almighty must be gauged not by the orthodoxy of their intellectual apprehension, but by their willingness to do what they believed their Master would do in their place, and he being like many of them apt at carpentering, it struck us we could readily guess which way his vote would be cast.

During the week following this decision an incident happened, Mr. Editor, that led me to narrate this apparently unimportant debate. I was anchored off a growing settlement among whose people are some of my closest friends, but who somehow happen to be only so far of the same faith in theoretical religion as Roman Catholic can be with Protestant—a gulf that is not so wide in God's sight, I think, as some suppose, and a gulf that is to be bridged not by arguments attuning mental differences due to temperament, heredity and invironment, but by both approximately their lives and actions to their same Master's. The anchor was scarcely down when a boat rowing off in great haste from the shore hailed us, inviting us to follow at once. Arrived on the wharf we soon learnt the cause of this urgency—a little lad of eleven had set fire to his flannelette nightgown. His screams had roused his brother, who lay asleep in a neighboring room. He had bravely seized the burning child in his arms and plunged him into the puncheon of cold water that stands always as the water supply of these homes. Here in this far-off village, with no possible skilled help, where no doctor or nurse ever visits—for there is here no doctor on the fortnightly mail steamer—lay a really beautiful boy with an enormous superficial burn, probably the most difficult possible condition to deal with where neither anaesthetics, narcotics, nor antiseptics existed, and where the slightest move of the bedclothes wrung a wail of agony from the wan little figure of the child. A little later, packed in an old packet case, he lay on the 'Strathcona's' deck on his way to the hospital at St. Anthony, of a Johns Hopkins nurse, whose skill where he is now under the skilled care is only equalled by the joy afforded her in this additional opportunity of so manifestly doing what the Christ would approve. The hospital is absolutely full—there are five patients crowded out, lodged under a canvas tent; two more able housed in the old bunk house, and we have only just cleaned up the beds we had been forced to occupy in our little jail. Only if you have ever nursed a burned child can you really know the time, care, sympathy, and nervous strain it involves. We have but two trained nurses at this hospital: At this time of year their strength is never more than equal to their needs yet if you ventured to ask this nurse if she wouldn't prefer an idle life, wouldn't find more pleasure in, say, fine dresses, rich ornaments, social attentions, I can only say you must be no reader of faces, or a more bold person than the ordinary.

WILFRID T. GRENFELL.

## Acknowledgments.

**Labrador Fund.**

Received for the launch: Mrs. J. S. Brown, Paris, Ont., $5; a friend, $1; total, $6.

Received for the new hall at Harrington: Adult girls' class of Anderson, Union Sunday School, per Alice Toffelmire, Amherstburg, Ont., $6; Edith E. Doel, Toronto, $1; S., St. Croix Cove, $1.25; Ralph D. Grimmon, Black River Bridge, Ont., $5; total, $13.25. Previously acknowledged for all purposes, $761.42; total on hand December 7, $780.67.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to Labrador Fund, care of John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift the object toward which it is to be applied.

## Dr. Grenfell.

Just here we would like to answer a query with regard to the doctor. Some friends ask if his wife is not an Ontario lady. Dr. Grenfell is only recently married, on November 18, and his wife was Miss Anna McClanahan, of Chicago, Ill. The doctor and his bride are returning to make their home in St. Anthony, Nfld., the headquarters of Dr Grenfell's work, and we are sure the best wishes of our readers follow him and his wife as they enter on the work together.

## Religious News.

A Scotch missionary, William Waddell, who accompanied M. and Mme. Coillard to the Zambesi Mission, has just gone to his reward. Mr. Waddell went out as carpenter, builder and man of all work, and erected buildings at four mission stations besides training the natives of those places as carpenters and builders. After ten years of ungrudging labor he was compelled, in 1894, to seek rest, but not without the hope of returning to his post. It was found, however, that in his work among the natives he had contracted leprosy, and for fifteen years he has suffered continuously, during which time he has been devotedly nursed by his sister. To the last, though blind and infirm, he continued his interest in the Zambesi Mission, and counted it the privilege and honor of his life to have given those ten years to mission service in Barotseland.

No Christian society has a finer record than the London City Mission. Like the law of gravitation, it makes no noise, but its work is none the less effective. These brave missionaries are engaged year in and year out in 'excavating souls from the slums; and God only knows the result of their unselfish labors. It is a hand-to-hand fight with the hosts of darkness, but we are all assured that the tide of battle will turn! Some 409 missionaries are engaged in this work; and last year over a million and a quarter visits were paid to houses, and over a million conversations were held with persons in public-houses and factories; moreover, 39,089 meetings were held in cottages and mission rooms, and 7,607 meetings were conducted in the open air. The workers were enabled to reclaim 1,271 drunkards; they obtained 1,018 situations for men, and rescued 126 fallen women. This is good news, for which we thank God, and take courage.—London 'Christian'.

It is gratifying to learn from our Jewish contemporaries that there is solid ground for an anticipation of better times for the Hebrew people in Russia. The 'Jewish Chronicle' has published the full text of a long and remarkable document, a minute of the Czar's Council of Ministers, which although it offers a defense of the administration responsible for the present unhappy condition of things, may be regarded from several points of view as an official admission that the cruel persecutions of the Jew have been a grave social and political mistake. We pray that this tardy recognition of the view held in England and other civilized countries will be followed by drastic reforms; and if those which have been suggested are not particularly striking in their liberality, their adoption may, nevertheless, usher in an era of comparative peace.—London 'Christian.'

'Love produces devotion, and devotion brings happiness, even though we may not understand it. In prayer we feel we are beloved; and the love of God, oh, if only you knew how it compensates for the indifference of our fellow-creatures!'

## Instead of Alcohol.

(By J. J. Ridge, M.D., and M.D. (State Med.) B.S., B.A., B.Sc. Lond.)

(Concluded.)

One might go on to speak of the relief of pain by such drugs as phenacetine, antipyrine, etc. But these must not be taken very often; they are mischievous if they relieve so as to permit the individual to persist in his unhealthy habits. The resort to opium, morphia, cocain, and other narcotics cannot be too strongly condemned. No person should administer them to himself. Their seductive power is too great and has been too terribly manifested in thousands, many of whom were apparently little likely to succumb to their influence. They should be strictly confined to medical use.

2. To remove flatulence.

In many cases there is too much acidity. For this half-a-dozen tablets of soda mint may be given. Or, as a home remedy, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a drop or two of oil of eucalyptus, or even a pinch of herbs or some peppermint water. Almost any antiseptic may be taken in very small doses, and any chemist can supply a suitable pill or dose of carbolic acid, thymol, menthol, sulphocarbolate of soda, etc., for this purpose. A tumbler of hot water will also act quickly and even more powerfully than a dose of alcohol; but the frequent repetition of hot water is weakening to the coats of the stomach, and relaxes the system.

3. To steady the heart and render it less susceptible to reflex irritation.

This result will be largely accomplished by the removal of flatulence and attention to the diet, avoiding too much fluid and the use of tea and condiments. One of the commonest causes is the use of strong and hot tea especially the rough Indian and Ceylon teas, which contain so much tannin. When these are taken with meat, they convert the gelatine into a kind of leather, which is indigestible; and they also hinder the digestion of starchy food.

Suitable exercise, increased by degrees, is the best thing to strengthen the heart, as it does the other muscles of the body. Use such exertion as will bring you to the verge of breathlessness, then stop until this passes off. Repeat this again and again, and in a few days you will be able to go a great distance without getting out of breath.

4. To give 'tone' to the system.

The measures required for this may be summed up thus:—Fresh air, exercise, cold sponging or bathing. 'Change of air' is so beneficial largely because, away from home, people walk and live in the open air much more than at home. Mountain air often works wonders, because the diminished pressure of the atmosphere influences every particle of the body, and there is necessarily a good deal more climbing and exercise.

5. As a stimulant.

It ought to be understood that a stimulant does not 'give" strength, it only excites the system to use up what strength it has, and so, of course, exhausts it more rapidly. A pinprick may make a body very lively for a time, but will not replace food; you cannot feed and strengthen a horse with a whip or a spur.

Alcohol in acting as a stimulant does so chiefly in an indirect way. A very small dose will irritate any tissue it comes into contact with; but one of its earliest effects is to relax blood-vessels and allow more blood to reach the various parts, which can then act more freely for a time. But on the nervous system it begins to act as a narcotic at once, and first of all on the highest faculties of the mind. By paralysing the higher centres their control or check over the lower centres is weakened or removed, and hence they are more susceptible to external or internal stimuli which may happen to come along, and so act more violently and seem to be stimulated.

But as direct stimulants we have ammonia, either as smelling salts or in sugar and water (ten drops of 'hartshorn,' which is weak solution of ammonia), or non-alcoholic sal volatile; also hot water (simple or flavored), and camphor (one or two grains or five to ten drops of spirit of camphor). Flapping the face and chest sharply with the corner of a cold, wet towel is another effectual stimulant. Of course sal volatile (aromatic spirits of ammonia) is even stronger than brandy, because there is more alcohol in it and ammonia beside. This is an alcoholic remedy, and is not to be taken frequently, but it is not used as a beverage, nor is it likely to be. The non-alcoholic sal volatile may be used instead.

Perhaps there is no stimulating measure more powerful and useful than the injection of hot solution of salt. A hot saline injection into the lower bowel consisting of thirty grains of salt (half a small teaspoonful) in half a pint of hot water (105 deg. to 110 deg.) will act very quickly. Larger quantities are apt to be expelled, but the half-pint may be repeated in an hour or so. Of course children require less, according to age. This injection is sometimes given under the skin, but the bowel injection is generally sufficient. Medical men may also use a sixtieth of a grain of strychnine subcutaneously and repeat in four hours.—From 'Medical Temperance Review.'

## Discovering Our Gifts and Limitations.

Our first concern in the right use of our talents should be their discovery. Every man, and every man's position, age, and so on, are unworked mines of talents. All a man's numerous relations to life are fields in which lies hidden treasure.

A great deal of life is spent in discovering one's gifts and one's limitations. Our gifts are not always in the line of our efforts. We often prize the things which we laboriously achieve, rather than those which we easily accomplish. We prize that which has cost us something, whereas that which spontaneously springs from our life is often of the most value to the community. What we achieve with difficulty has the value to us of discipline, but frequently does not enrich the community. One sometimes hears good and laborious men in certain fields of activity murmur at the success of those who do not seem to toil. Work ought to be rewarded, they think, especially hard work. But quality always counts for more to the community than quantity. Toiling and spinning cannot produce a glory equal to the natural loveliness of a lily which simply grows.

What is hard to us can never equal what is natural, and however much we may take a pleasure in what we win by arduous and admirable toil, it by no means follows that this is our real talent. On the whole, we may conclude that our mental endowment is in that sphere wherein we move with most ease and joy. In our very pleasure in certain forms of work we have the truest indication of 'talent.'

Many men's lives are spoiled because they are misplaced early on. Their uncongenial sphere certainly offers a field for sublime moral struggle, and a life of perpetual and successful resistance of circumstance has in it heroic elements, but it is limited by the failure to discover early, or use such a discovery when made, of the real talent.

Another important matter is the discovery of our limitations. Nothing is truer of life than 'Time will fail.' The selection of the best of many alternatives, with the deliberate sacrifice and sometimes painful excision of others, is vital to real success. The dilettanti are men whose talents are in a litter. They are badly invested, and yield no true usury, because they are not used, but merely enjoyed. The effective man necessarily narrows his field of endeavor. 'This one thing I do' is his motto. The total concentration of a rich nature on one line of activity implies much sacrifice, but it is the sacrifice of all he hath to buy a pearl of great price. Happy the man who early in life catches a glimpse of the gleam and concentrates all his powers into pursuit.

'O, young mariner,
Down to the haven;
After it. Follow it,
Follow the gleam!'
—Rev. J. E. Rattenbury

## Why We Fall.

No man was ever unfairly tempted since the world began. There is only one reason for failure, though we like to believe otherwise. A minister recently prayed in public: 'Sometimes we stumble and fall because the temptations are so strong.' Nonsense! No one ever fell because the temptation was so strong; we fall because we will not lay hold on the Strength that is right at hand and that we wilfully decline to use. We fall because we want to; because we work with the temptation instead of against it. Whenever we really want to win, enough to surrender ourselves absolutely into Christ's keeping, the strongest temptation that the Devil ever conceived becomes limp and flabby and impotent. 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear;' and the manly thing to do is to admit it.—'S. S. Times.'

## Unto Us.

(By H. Louise Burchell, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

'Tis a story told of the long ago—
A tale of the days that used to be.
Of shepherds watching their flocks by night,
Of an angel song, and a vision bright,
And a sleeping Babe in a manger low.
But what does it mean to you and me?

It tells of the light of a wondrous star,
This tale of the days that used to be;
And wise men guided o'er deserts wild,
Who came to worship a royal Child,
And gave Him gifts which they brought from far.
But what does it mean for you and me?

It tells of peace in our toil and strife,
This tale of the days that used to be;
Of crystal streams for the thirsty soul,
Bread for the hungry, the sick made whole,
Instead of death, everlasting life.
Does it still mean this for you and me?

Ah yes! for however we doubt and sin,
Christ still is the same as He used to be.
If we heed not 'the cross and the One who died,'
Our souls can never be satisfied;
If we open our hearts to take Him in
It will just mean heaven for you and me.

## The Baby from Wonderland.

A Fairy Story.

(By Rosalie M. Heiser, in the New York 'Observer.')

Up in the beautiful hill country, far removed from neighbors, lived a shepherd and his wife. In the valley below lay a little town where the shepherd occasionally went on market or festival days—but few people ever came up by the shepherd's cottage, and his wife often wished she had some one with her to love and care for while her husband was with his flock in the fields.

But she was a cheery little woman and never complained, but tried to keep her home happy for her husband and herself. Sometimes when a lamb was sickly or had been hurt, the shepherd would take it to her to nurse, but just as soon as it was strong out it would go to the fields with the rest of the sheep. One Christmas eve the shepherd went out for a last look at the sheepfold. When he returned his wife heard him call as he opened the door:

'Oh, good wife, good wife, bring a shawl and come quickly by the fire. I have the funniest little lambkin for you to care for that you ever saw.'

His wife ran to her closet, got a shawl and sat down on a low rocker before the blazing logs. The shepherd put his hand deep down in the big pocket of his fur coat and brought out the dearest, darlingest little baby and laid it in her lap. He was sound asleep.

'Where on earth did he come from! There never was a baby with such clothes in these parts before,' exclaimed the shepherd's wife. He was dressed in a suit of yellow flannel, richly embroidered with silver thread and on his head was a funny round cap embroidered in silver, with a curiously wrought silver bell, which tinkled sweetly at the slightest movement.

'Where did you find him?' The shepherd told his wife that when he came back to the cottage from the sheepfold there, on the path just by the door in a spot where the moonlight was shining most brightly, lay the baby. He took it up and searched all about to see if he could find any one who could have left it there, but found no one. The talking and the glow from the fire woke the baby and he opened his eyes and looked up in the little woman's face with such a smile of joy and love that she caught him up in her arms and hugged him.

'Oh, you precious darling,' she cried, 'I am so glad to have you.' They got some warm milk and gave him his supper and finally tucked him up in a little bed for the night. Then the shepherd's wife said, 'Let us hang up a stocking by the chimney—maybe Santa Claus will bring something for the baby, as this is Christmas eve.' So she put one up and in the morning, sure enough, Santa Claus had been there, for in the stocking were a nest of blocks, a rattle, a beautiful woolly lamb and a pair of little shoes.

The shepherd went down to the church in the town for the Christmas service, and when it was over he asked the people if they had seen any stranger with a baby the day before, but no one had seen them. The shepherd's wife had a happy Christmas day. She thought of the Christ-Child, whose coming had blessed the world for so many ages and she was very thankful for the little baby who had come to brighten her lonely days. The shepherd was down in the church, but she was not lonely—no, indeed—with that blessed baby to love and play with. While he was having his nap, she got out her finest lamb's wool flannel and her softest linen and cut out some clothes for him, as she wanted to put the 'outlandish suit,' as she called it, away, ready to give back if anyone ever came to claim the baby.

When he woke up she spread a large sheepskin mat, all soft and woolly, on the floor, sat the baby on it and gave him the blocks to play with? They were beautiful blocks, all shiny red and yellow, and the baby was delighted with them. He cooed and gurgled and talked baby talk, that no one could understand, excepting that it meant joy. The little woman sat by and sewed and watched the child with a happy heart. The baby took a block in each little hand and clapped them together. Oh, what a beautiful noise! Clack, clack! Baby laughed and clapped again and again. The little woman watched him and laughed too—when to her utter amazement she saw the baby rise from the floor and go sailing through the air up to the ceiling. Clack, clack, went the blocks as the baby clapped them together and he was so happy. The little woman flew to see if door and window were shut for fear the child would float out, and could not speak for fright, when by a turn of the baby's hand his blocks struck his little fingers and his happy, laughing face changed to a pitiful pucker, and down he came, straight to the outstretched arms of the anxious woman. She hugged and kissed him and called him 'Wonderboy' and marvelled where he could have come from that he could do such a strange thing.

'But,' said she, 'some day I will lose my Wonderboy if I do not take care.' So, after that she got a strip of strong linen and fastened one end to his dress and tied the other to the table leg or some other safe place, whenever she did not have him in her arms. She and the shepherd became so accustomed to seeing him go sailing about in the air that they almost forgot that it was not the usual way with children. Wonderboy, as they called him, was a beautiful baby—blue eyes shining like stars and bright, golden hair curling up in rings all over his head. The days flew by and when the springtime came and the shepherd's wife worked in her tiny garden, she would tie Wonderboy to a bush and he would roll and play on the grass or go sailing up in the air with the birds and butterflies and talk his funny baby talk to them.

One day the shepherd's wife had a great fright. She had been busy in the garden and Wonderboy was tied to the bush as usual and was flying about in the sunshine as happy as could be. She left him for a few minutes to put the soup on the fire for her husband's dinner. Just then old Billy, the big brown goat, came along, and, seeing the linen band tied to the bush, he began to nibble at it and soon broke the branch to which it was tied and up flew Wonderboy, higher and higher in the air. The little woman came out just then and was wild with grief, as she thought she would never see her Wonderboy again. She threw herself down on the ground sobbing and heartbroken. Soon she felt little arms about her neck, and there was her darling comforting her, but you may be sure he was more securely fastened after that.

Time went on, and it was Christmas eve again. The shepherd's wife was ill, so the shepherd gave Wonderboy his supper and had a romp with him and put him in his little bed. Then he hung a stocking by the chimney place, for he said 'Santa Claus may pay us a visit to-night.' Then he left Wonderboy and went in to his poor sick wife. Wonderboy watched the fire a while and then fell asleep. He was awakened by a slight noise. The fire was low and down the chimney came Santa Claus with a big pack of toys. He went straight to the stocking and began to fill it with beautiful things, first a big orange, then a lovely ball, and a trumpet and a soldier, and right on top of all he put a Teddy bear. Wonderboy sat up in bed and watched intently. Then Santa Claus took from his pack a little fur coat and cap and fur-lined boots and went to Wonderboy and said:

'Come, little one, I must dress you warmly, for we will take a long journey to-night. I am going to take you back to Wonderland. I brought you here a year ago to make this little woman happy and you have done your work well, but she will not need you any longer and all the Wonderland babies are longing to have you back.'

'Now,' said he, 'all ready, follow me!' and Santa Claus took his pack and up the chimney he went and out flew Wonderboy after him, up to the roof where the sleigh and reindeer were waiting. Santa Claus tucked Wonderboy safely in, took up the reins and off they started for Wonderland. The shepherd watching by his wife's window saw them as they turned by the corner of the house The moonlight fell full on Wonderboy's face, but the shepherd ran into the next room to see if he had not been dreaming, but no, the crib was empty; Wonderboy was gone. The shepherd cried and the little woman cried too the next day when they told her, but she had a great comforter, for nestled closely by her side was a tiny baby boy that God had given her for her very own that Christmas eve She loved her little son, but often and often as the months and years went by she would go to the chest of drawers where she kept the funny embroidered clothes and the cap, with the tinkling bell and take them out and kiss them and say:

'Oh! Wonderboy, I wonder whom you are making happy now.'

'The Good Shepherd,' Blaikie & Son, Ltd.

## A Song.

(By Marie Hemstreet, in the 'Outlook.')

The Christmas Angels sang to me
(And it was Christmas morn),
'If Christ dwells not within thy soul,
For thee He is not born;
If thou hast Not His life in thine,
Then must thou go forlorn.'

A fear for my imperfectness
Upon my spirit lay.
'But Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men,
O Angel I can say!'
'That is the Song of Songs,' he cried,
And smiling went his way.

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## How to Keep Christmas.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and to try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and to look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you can keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.—Henry van Dyke.

# The Mistletoe Bough:

## The Origin of the Christmas Custom.

(By Rev. John A. Hamilton.)

Have you ever asked how it is that we hang up mistletoe in our houses at Christmas? Because the Druids used to do so, you may tell me, but then we come to the question, why they did. Perhaps you may tell me again that their reason was that they believed the bright God, Baldur, had been killed by a dart of mistletoe. I do not think that was the real reason. I think that story—and a very pretty story it is—was made up to explain the custom when the true reason had been forgotten.

I believe that the custom of hanging up a bough of mistletoe is one of the very oldest customs in the world, and has come down to us from the time when men worshipped trees. It seems to you a very strange thing that men should do that, but if you will think a little, you may see that it was not very strange after all. Imagine a savage man (and savage means a man who lives in a forest), who has little knowledge of anything outside the forest in which he lives. He does not even see much of the sun, scarcely anything of the stars. He knows nothing of the cause of the change of seasons. The winter is a bad time for him, for then there are no fruits to gather, no nests with eggs that a man can find to eat, few roots to be dug up, and the ground is hard and the [illegible] the darkness long, and the cold is terrible. How is it that the bad time comes? The first sign that he sees of it is when the leaves begin to fade and fall, and he notes that when the trees begin to die, then the day shortens and the wind blows

cold and keen. That seems silly to you, and quite the wrong way of putting things. And it seemed to him to be proved every spring that the trees caused his comfort and the gladness of the world. The first sign and promise of better days was when the trees came into leaf and life again. That happened long before the warm, bright weather came, and what appeared first in order of time would be taken by him as the cause of what followed. Since the trees began to live again before the sunshine came, he fancied that they were the cause of the lengthening of the day and the growing warmth. So men, some men, at least, used to think, for they worshipped trees as the great lords of life.

You think I am a long time in coming to the mistletoe. Have patience for half a minute. Savages believe that every living things has a soul. Inside a man there is a little man; inside a beast is a little beast, the soul of each. When a man dies, they think that the little man has gone out of the man. And savages used to think that inside every tree was a little tree, its soul. Now imagine a savage out in the forest in the winter. The trees are leafless, all is bare and dreary. But he sees a green something in the distance. He hastens forward to know what it is And it is a little, living tree on a dead one. What wonder is this? A tree high up above the ground not touching the soil at all. It is the only living thing in all the dead wilderness. What can it be but the soul of a tree—perhaps the soul of the lord of all the trees of the forest? He trembles with awe, and kneels down before it, praying it not to smite him with death for coming into its secret and sacred place. Then he goes to the men of his tribe and tells them that he has seen a tree-soul alive and beautiful in the loneliness of the forest depths. And after talking it over, they think it will please the tree-spirit if they bring it carefully to their camp.

It is well to keep up the old customs, it may remind us that our forefathers, when they were savage and ignorant, tried to find God. It may remind us of how Jesus told better things of God than our poor forefathers ever dreamed. After your mirth and laughter under the mistletoe bough, you may do a little thinking about the old meaning of it.—'Christian World.'

## Ah Choy's First Christmas.

### A Story of San Francisco's Chinatown.

(By Jessie Juliet Knox.)

Ah Choy did not know anything about Christmas. When she had lived in China, in the old happy days, she dimly remembered that her dear Mo Chun (mother) had mentioned such a time and that it had been something about the birthday of a little child, but that was far away and intangible, and had never counted in her life at all. She often wondered if there were anything good in the whole big world, but there was no one to say. There had been a time when she had known a mother's kiss, and been free to do as the heart of a child dictates, but the mother had died, and Ah Choy had been sold to a Chinese man and his wife who came to America and settled in Chinatown, San Francisco.

And now Ah Choy was out on the balcony of a dark tenement, next the roof.

'Oh, I am so lonely,' she murmured to herself, for to whom else could she address the remark? Her innocent heart longed for something—a mother's love, a kind word—someone who cared.

'Perhaps it is because I do not understand. Perhaps every one is lonely and unhappy. 'Oh, big joss (god) if you can hear a poor little Chinese slave please let me die! let me get away from it all!'

Far down on the narrow streets she could dimly watch the hurrying crowd. The people looked as if they might be happy, and as if they might be free.

'I would like to be free,' she said, 'May be next time I will be; maybe—I cannot tell.'

The world of 'little China' was beautiful at night, when the shadows hid the unpleasant places, and the great lanterns of the joss glowed in rows on the flower-laden balconies, and in front of all the doors, whereon were inscribed happy greetings to all who entered. It looked so beautiful to one who only saw the surface, and knew nothing of the sad hearts and the bondage back of it all. It would not have seemed so perfect to one who had seen the pitiful little slave girls, doing the bidding of the hags who guarded them, and liable to a beating at any time, whether busy or idle.

'I do try so hard; I work all day. Why do they beat me?' the little one was saying, but no answer came.

It was Christmas Eve! She knew it this time, because she had heard her cruel master and mistress talking of it, but it was nothing to her, so why should she rejoice over the birthday of a little child of whom she knew nothing?

But as she sat thus thinking and talking to herself her mistress awakened from her opium stupor, and rushing out upon the balcony grasped her frail little arm and pulled it out of joint. She was more cruel than usual, for some reason. Perhaps she was afraid the little one would get some Christmas joy into her life; at any rate, the poor child went to her bed with bruised body and breaking heart. After every one was asleep she crept out of bed and felt around in the darkness for something which would put an end to this life of slavery and suffering. She had once heard of a slave girl committing suicide by drinking pow fah, a hair-dressing used by Chinese ladies; so why could she not do the same? There was no need for her to live—no one wanted her; she was only fit to be beaten. And who could tell? Perhaps in the next life she might be happy; might even be one of the pretty maidens in the moon, who were always making cakes for good children. At least it was worth trying, so the poor half-crazed thing crept to the jar of poison, and giving one last, long glance down at the lantern-hung streets, and then upward where the Christmas stars twinkled in the darkness, she gdasped the jar and drained its contents.

'Now I will be free!' she gasped, but somehow her plan failed, for instead of going into oblivion she only grew deathly sick. Her master and mistress were aroused. As they did not wish to lose a valuable slave, they gave her a Chinese antidote, and saved her.

There must be a little bird hovering over Chinatown as well as other places, for the very next morning—Christmas morning, the news by some strange chance reached the ears of Miss Cameron, superintendent of the Chinese Mission Home. She was an angel of light to poor slave girls, and had many ways of finding out things.

So on this Christmas morning Miss Cameron, in company with a big policeman, and a Chinese girl who was the mission interpreter, started out on her errand of love and mercy.

A rescue in the vast Chinatown of San Francisco is no easy matter at any time, and always may mean death to the one who undertakes it. But Miss Cameron knew not the meaning of fear. Up the narrow, tortuous steps they climbed, through the half darkness. There was no light save that which came up through the stret door. Almost any one would have been badly frightened, but these brave people went as calmly as if they were going to a tea party. They knew just where to go, for the little bird had told them, and at last reached the top story of the tenement house where lived little Ah Choy. Nothing could be seen but a door, with a small grated opening therein.

The interpreter said in Chinese: 'We want to come in!'

Then the mistress opened a tiny crack in the door, so that she might hear more clearly, and that gave the rescuers just the chance they desired. Without any ceremony they all three pressed against the door and rushed in, searching hastily in every direction for the slave girl. Noise and confusion reigned. Everything was in an uproar, and all who lived in that part of the tenement seemed to be in the fight.

What chance could the poor child have with so many against her? There were low Chinese mutterings and imprecations. Fortunately Miss Cameron could not understand it all but the interpreter could, and her heart almost stood still, but she bravely called as loudly as she could, through all the din and confusion: 'Ah Choy! Ah Choy 'ingau nay lie gow nay!' (We have come to save you!)

The joyous message had penetrated the mysteries of the place, and from a dark passage-way came the sound of an opening door, while from the doorway cautiously peeped the tousled head and pale sad face of the one they sought. The excitement now became intense.

'Little fool!' hissed the mistress, 'Don't you know they have come to kill you? Don't you know they will break your bones—and—'

But someway the child's heart knew differently, and she looked intently at Miss Cameron, and saw real love shining from her eyes, as with outstretched arms she advanced toward the child.

Ah Yuen, the interpreter, had whispered: 'This must be the one for whom we seek,' and, without a moment's hesitation, the big policeman reached down tenderly, and catching the poor trembling one in his kind arms, started for the doorway. The heathen were beside themselves with rage. Should they stand calmly by, and see a three-thousand-dollar slave torn from their grasp? In their anger they tried to drag the child from his arms, but all to no avail. The officer was big and strong, and he was fighting for the right. With one mighty effort he released himself from the clutches of the many grasping yellow hands, and dashed out of the door, down the narrow steps, and out into God's pure air and freedom.

Ah Choy lay trembling in the protecting arms. The group were obliged to go first to the city prison, as the law required it. There were no dry eyes while the little one was telling her story, it being interpreted as she talked, and stopping every few moments to inquire of the interpreter 'Are you quite sure they will not beat me at the mission?'

On being assured many times that no beating awaited her, but only love, she said: 'Oh, take me there quickly, then, before they find me!'

At the mission there were mysterious doings. Delightful odors came from the vicinity of the kitchen, where Chinese girls were displaying all their skill in cookery. The door-bell was kept tingling constantly and strange packages of all shapes and sizes were smuggled into the house and slipped into a certain room the door of which had been locked for several days. No one but Miss Cameron and a favored few were allowed to enter this room.

Bright and early on Christmas morning, Ah Choy left the jail, and was taken safely in a carriage with the same big policeman and the interpreter to her new home. The horrors through which she had passed had so filled her childish mind with fear that she did not even dare open her eyes or see anything at all, until she felt herself enter a building, and heard a great door shut her in, but it seemed to her that even the closing door had a kindly sound.

'Open your eyes now, dear. You need not fear!' said Miss Cameron, and opening wide her slanting eyes the child saw that she was in a bright, cheerful place, full of pretty things and all around her—could she be dreaming?—were Chinese girls, with bright happy faces. She was soon surrounded by them, and all talking to her in the tongue she understood, and were telling her the most wonderful things. She could hardly drink in so much joy all at once, for her little brain was still dazed with the sorrows she had known but she knew that she was safe—that was enough. There were many things here which she had never known. She was put into a delightful hot bath; her hair was washed and arranged neatly, and she was slipped into a clean warm bed, where she soon forgot her sorrows in the deep sleep of childhood. When she awoke, feeling like a new being, she was given some lovely Chinese garments, and when they allowed her to look in a mirror she did not even know herself It is strange what a little love and care will do.

When she was dressed she heard a bell ringing. She did not know what it meant, till Miss Cameron said to her: 'Come to your first Christmas dinner, little one.'

Holding tightly the slim fingers of the gentle lady she entered the dining-room, full of chattering girls. In the centre of the room was a long table. On this table there surely was everything in the world to eat. Such an air of peace and good will was there that the tired stranger soon forgot all fear, and felt herself one of them. But her starved heart was to know more happiness before the day was ended.

Soon after dinner the darkness fell, and then the whole company of eager, laughing girls was admitted into the mysteries of the room with the closed door. Entering they saw a beautiful green tree, and on its topmost bough shone radiantly a great star, while gifts hung from its branches.

'Is it really growing? and did the Christ-child really put those pretty things on it?' asked the child.

There were many gifts, but never did any gift bring such rapture as the doll that was given to Ah Choy. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the poor thin arms clasping it, and the pale face lighting up with budding mother-love. As she pressed it close to her heart she looked up at the star, from which the pure rays of light glowed tenderly, and said: 'It is so beautiful; what is it?' And Miss Cameron replied, with tears of gratitude in her eyes: 'It is the star of Bethlehem, Ah Choy, and it will guide you into perfect peace.'—'The Standard.'

## Her Own Place.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'She's not coming!'

Mother dropped a letter with a face of dismay.

'Who's not coming?'

'Eunice.'

'Not coming for Christmas?'

'O-o-o-o-o!' A wail of distress from a younger one.

'But why, mother? Do tell us what she says. Why! I can't believe it.'

'It won't be Christmas at all,' went on the wail.

'She says—' mother took up the letter, 'that Miss Marian Ford, her great friend, has invited her to spend the holidays with her in the city.'

A howl of discontent from the small ones.

'I didn't suppose any place would be better than home to her,' said Elizabeth.

'It isn't only the nice place and the city,' continued mother, 'there are going to be some concerts that she wants very much to attend. So she says she's very sorry she can't be in two places at once, and love, love, love for all of us, and we musn't miss her much. Of course the concerts will be a real benefit in her musical study.'

'But I wouldn't have believed it of Eunice,' repeated Elizabeth. And mother to herself echoed the words as she went about with an ache at her heart.

Eunice could scarcely, in anticipation, have believed it of herself. The home Christmases were so dear, so precious, the idea of spending one anywhere else seemed almost a sacrilege. But this invitation was a temptation. Even mother, through all her heartache, could understand the allurements in the visit of a great city.

'I haven't any spirit for a tree,' said Elizabeth, as the day drew near.

'O, we mustn't say that,' said mother, betraying her sympathy in the feeling. 'The children could never bear it to go without it. We have always had one since Eunice was a year old.'

'It was always fun when she was here to help. But now it seems a good deal of trouble.'

'Never mind, dear. We must have things just as usual.'

It had been with many misgivings that Eunice had decided on the Christmas away from home. At the first reception of the invitation she had refused to consider it at all. But as days went by the persuasions of her friend began to have their weight, and she had yielded.

'There are plenty at home to make a merry time. They will be glad I am having such a good time—with so much that is of real benefit in it.'

And still Eunice, with all her reasoning, could never fully persuade herself that the vacancy at home could be filled.

'O, Miss Eunice!'

Passing through one of the halls of the dormitory on the day before Christmas Eunice turned at the sound of a call behind her.

'What is it, Hannah?' It was one of the maids, who approached her with a shining face.

'Miss Eunice! See what I got.' She held up a new $5 bill.

'That's good, Hannah. A Christmas present, I suppose?'

'Yes'm. From the teachers. A dollar from each, only they put it all in one. Now, Miss Eunice, you couldn't guess what I'm goin' to do with this?'

'Well, I am a pretty good guesser. I should say you are going to spend it in presents for the home folk.'

'Wrong. You'll have to guess again.'

'Something nice for yourself.'

'Wrong again, Miss Eunice!' The plain, honest face was fairly radiant. 'I'm goin' to spend this money—every cent of it—in goin' home for Christmas—'

'Now, Hannah!'

'It's so. It'll take it all, but what o' that? They don't want no presents, they just want me . They'll

—'American Messenger.'

**Don't Forget to give the Birds their Christmas Dinner.**

think I'm the best present in the world. Miss Grantley, she's goin' to give me a week's leave 'cause so many of you goes home. Last Christmas I couldn't go 'cause some of the young ladies had the measles. Think of its bein' Christmas and folks not to home with their own folks, Miss Eunice! But O—I must hurry! I'll get there by the night train—just in time to say "Merry Christmas."'

She hurried away with a song on her lips, and Eunice turned into her own room with a sigh. All her doubts had come back—indeed they were no longer any doubts. 'Think of it bein' Christmas and folks not to home with their own folks!' The force of Hannah's artless words pressed heavily on her. 'Their own folks.' From the depths of a very loving heart Eunice was beginning to realize that no other 'folks' could make her dear festival what it should be. And if there would be, among all the attractive things planned for her, still an emptiness, how much greater must it be for those who were longing for her and to whom Christmas would not be Christmas without her.

'If I get off on the five o'clock train I can, like Jane, be there in time to say "Merry Christmas." It won't be pleasant to reach it in the dead of the night, but I know everybody so well it won't matter. Now—for Marian. What will she say?' The next moment she was in the next room, where two or three girls were chatting in joyous anticipation of the home-going.

'Marian—if you'll forgive me for asking—will you let me off—?'

'Let you off—? Why, what do you mean, Eunice.'

'I mean, from going with you!'

'Now, Eunice!' A blank expression settled over her face. 'I wouldn't have thought it of you. After promising me. After all my plans are made. To treat me so. No,' with a vigorous shake of her head. 'I won't let you off.'

Eunice sat down on a couch and burst into tears.

'It's—I want to go—home. I didn't realize—and now I do, how they're all longing for me. And as to any one going to your home—if you go it's all they want. You know it yourself—' Eunice was sobbing broken-heartedly, and after a short pause Marian was beside her with her arms about her.

'You dear! I do know. It's going simply to spoil my Christmas—' Eunice gave a gesture of dissent, 'but I'll stand it. What time must you go?'

'On the five o'clock train or not at all. And it goes in less than two hours.'

'We'll all help you. Em, you run to the telephone and get a cab.'

A lively hour, and with kisses and good wishes Eunice was hustled away. And now, as she sped away in the unexpected direction, what a lightness filled her heart.

'I should never, never, have felt right about the other thing. Not for one moment.'

The brightness of the winter sky had become overclouded, snow had begun to fall and fell heavily as the train made its way among the mountains which must be passed. In deep cuts the running became slower until, after several short delays, a longer one called forth a clamor of inquiry from impatient travellers as train men came through.

'Blockaded. Can't get any further till the snow plough reaches us.'

'When do we reach B.?'

'Not before morning.'

'And this only nine o'clock.' A chorus of discontent arose.

'All night to spend in this dry car.' Eunice looked about her in dismay.

They were at a flag station, and Eunice presently followed a few who sought a little relief from the closeness of the car. Outside, in the dead hush and loneliness, her impatient thought soon underwent a change.

All about her arose mountains, lifting their sublime heads to meet the stars gazing down upon them.

How had it been that she had heretofore had so little realization of the profound mystery of the blessed season—the God-child come to earth; and so little of earth awake to it, so small a welcome given to this bringer of the gift of peace and good-will.

Into how many hearts ever enters a real thought of the sacredness of the day?

The cold silence, the stars and the mountain read their lesson to her, and she went inside, soon engaging herself in helping a tired mother to pacify the complaints of some restless children.

'Now, its's Christmas Eve—' she presently remarked, cheerily.

'And such a Christmas Eve!' arose in variously pitched wails.

'Yes, how much fun there is in it. Think of all the people who are having a happy time at home, with not any journey at all. Or, of the people who are having just a plain, humdrum journey, no snow blockade or any other exciting time to tell about afterwards. Christmas Eve is right here, you know, exactly the same as at home or at grandmother's. Let us sing on this Lord's birthday.'

Other voices joined hers in some hymns, after which a man told stories, ending with a prayer as one by one children sank to sleep and there was quiet in the car.

At nine o'clock the next morning Eunice rang at the door of her father's house. Elizabeth, who opened it, opened also her lips for a shriek of delight, which was suppressed by the new arrival as she whirled into the pestibulo to get a hand on her mouth.

'Oh, Eunie, Eunie! But no—it can't be. She said she wouldn't come.'

'Sh!—Never mind that. She's here now.'

'We're just going in to the tree,' said Elizabeth, under her breath.

'I was afraid I wouldn't be in time for it. Oh, Lis', is it in the same old corner?'

'Yes.'

'With the closet behind. Get me in there—first—'

And before long came the merry little group to see the Christmas tree. Mother would not let the shadow on her own heart fall on the others. Bright wondering eyes gazed their fill.

'But, Lizzie—why didn't you light the candles on the back in the corner?'

'And Lizzie—what's that behind there? Oh, mother — somebody's there—'

But 'somebody' was no longer there, but in mother's arms, and to every eye and heart had come the bright fulness of thankful Christmas joy.—The 'Standard.'

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There is an old-fashioned verse by an old poet which very aptly expresses the feeling prevalent at this season:

'Lo! now is come our joyful feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning.
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.'

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## God's Christmas Gifts.

Bethlehem's first Christmas Day brought something more than a Perfect Example down to earth. If Christ were only our Pattern, then he only increased our hoplessness. He came to do greater things than to show us His Perfect Life. God's Gifts of Christmas Day to all His eager, expectant children are these: the remission of the death penalty of sin that is past, and the power to overcome sin in the present and future. That is the twofold Christmas salvation, the good tidings of which the angels are still singing.

And while these Christmas Gifts can come only from God, He lets us have the priceless joy and privilege of bearing them to others. Shall we help to make this season of true Christmastide to some who have never yet opened their hearts to these, God's Gifts?—'S. S. Times.'

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## A Christmas Rush.

(By Susie Bouchelle Wight.)

Merry went spinning down the street on the morning before Christmas, full of joy in his work, glad that holiday time had come so he could work all day, and anxious to be helping out in the big rush that was already beginning at the office. The sweet winter wind was rustling the leaves of the double row of palm trees that ran down Main street, and the houses were gay with wreaths and decorations. The very air was full of Christmas, and as Merry rode whistling blithely along, he had many pleasant thoughts. Tony Harris had told him how last Christmas Eve he had taken seven dollars in tips, and not a single complaint from anybody. 'You see, it is this way, Park,' he had said. 'Some folks send out their presents on Christmas Eve. Fact, most of them do it, and then if there is nothing coming to them from the other side, the other side'll still have time to get at it. Well, a present more'n usually puts folks in a good humor, if 'tisn't more'n a box of candy, and so Christmas is money to us Trotters.' Merry remembered all this now, and although he knew he would not be as fortunate as Tony had been, for Tony was a little poor-looking fellow, and Merry a broad-backed youngster with a most independent one-sided tilt to his head, still if luck should set his way, he would know exactly what to do with all that might come. He would spend every bit of it for presents—a pair of long, soft gloves for his mother, and trinkets for the aunts and cousins back in the country. It wouldn't take such a great deal for all of these plans, and Merry was secretly rather glad that there was something about himself that kept him from looking as if he needed and wanted tips. He might need them as much as any other boy in the office, but though his clothes were always mended more or less, they were kept nice and clean, and those immaculate trousers were never without a very conspicuous crease down their fronts—a crease that would fade a little by nightfall, only to be back in, sharp as ever, when morning came.

'Here, Parker, hurry, hurry!' Mr. Campbell was all a-frown, and the office in a hubbub. The boys were running in and out, and people crowding in with packages. Hurry calls were coming in thick and fast over the telephone, and the boxes clicking one number after another with scarcely a pause between.

'Here, you Parker, take this note, and go out to the waterworks!' Mr. Campbell did not look toward him again, and Merry soon was making his way down Main street, hoping that his next errand would be something more seasonable than a trip to some dull office or other. The man at the waterworks sent him on another trip, however, and it was nine o'clock before he reported at headquarters again.

'Forty-nine? Forty-nine? Has forty-nine ever come back?' He heard in impatient exclamation as he entered the door. 'A man down on the viaduct has been 'phoning for Forty-nine every minute and a half for an hour.'

'All right, Miss Nona!' cried Merry. He was always rather proud to be asked for specially. It was a sort of

compliment to his efficiency, and in a moment more he was speeding away, with his head down well to the wind.

'Well, young man, have you plenty of stick-at-itiveness and grit?' the gentleman inquired. 'I have here a day's work for you. I really believe there are more of these letters than you can manage before night. I think maybe I would better call in a Postal Telegraph boy as well. It will be a good time to prove to myself which service is better.'

'Oh, don't do that!' objected Merry instantly, as he tried to count the pile of letters all at once. 'Just try me—'

'This isn't a Christmas job, boy,' Mr. Gorman went on steadily. 'It isn't a Christmas job. It is my custom to have all my January rents paid in full on the twenty-fourth of December. My collector is sick in bed, or says he is, through this note here, but I have no intention of giving up a good habit of mine on his account. Experience has taught me that people are prone to give away on Christmas Day what ought to be reserved for paying honest debts on New Year's Day. Now, do you think you can manage it, or shall I get a postal boy to help?'

A pile of duns fully a foot thick! All-day's trotting, indeed, and none of the pleasant Christmas smiles and words; no tips. If the P.T. boy came, it would still leave some other time before night—but no, an A.D.T. would never put work in a P.T.'s way, even if it was disagreeable work. This was a matter of principle, and so Merry repeated hoarsely that he could feel Christmas rushing down through his bones and out of him through his toes.

'Very well, then. Now, young gentleman, I know more about Jacksonville right now, than you are likely ever to learn,' Mr. Gorman looked closely at him, from beneath some very bushy brows, 'and if I didn't, it is your place to follow instructions. I hope you understand this fully.'

'Yes, sir.'

Mr. Gorman slipped two broad rubber bands about the packages into which he had divided the bills.

'Carry this lot first, and whatever else you do, don't mix these bills in the packages, for I have arranged them in the way that will be easiest for you to go from one place to the other. Collect the rents and every time you get as much as forty dollars, go to the nearest respectable store, present this little certificate, and ask the proprietor to let you deposit the money with him, giving you a due-bill slip made out to me, in its place. See? Everybody in this town knows who Will Gorman is, and you will have no trouble about it.'

Merry merely glanced at the topmost address. It was for a place many blocks away, and as he rode out there, he did not whistle as was his custom. He had to get all those directions very clear in his mind, and besides, when one is very young and is swallowing a big disappointment, there is no breath left for whistling. Merry had done some collecting before, and he knew it to be a thankless job.

It was a tedious day's work, going from one place to another, and making constant trips to stores to deposit, but at last the day wore away, and it was scarcely nightfall when he wheeled back to Mr. Gorman's office with a pocketful of due-bill slips, and more unpaid bills in another than he cared to remember. He made his report as briefly as possible, for he had already learned that A.D.T. boys are not valued for their much speaking. Mr. Gorman nodded and looked wise, as he proceeded.

'Just said no, eh?' he commented, as Merry laid down the bills not taken up. 'Said no, did they? Their rent contracts said plainly, too, "January rents payable the twenty-fourth of December." Well, Forty-nine, you did your part all right. Let's see. You were out nine hours, at forty cents an hour. That will make me owe your manager three dollars and sixty cents.' He placed three dollars and seventy-five cents on the table by him. 'He'll take this down with you and pay Campbell, then keep the change; yes, keep the change,' he said magnificently. 'I don't believe in this tipping business, but you've done a good day's work for me, yes, a p-r-e-t-t-y good day's work!' and he narrowed his eyes down to little grey slits, as he nodded good-night. 'But, say, come back New Year's Day. I'll have another all-day job for you, or perhaps you'd rather have me call a P.T. boy.' Mr. Gorman looked at him quizzically.

'No sir-ree! Just call up our office, and we'll accommodate you.' Merry tried hard to speak with the enthusiasm of the morning, but his smile was a sickly one. He touched his cap and turned away.

As he entered the office, little Tony slapped his pockets until they rang and jingled, winked one eye, and stuck out his tongue joyfully.

'I've minted money to-day, Park!' he sang out. 'What did you get?'

The other boys crowded up to hear. Merry was ready for them. He held up a nickel and a dime. 'Fifteen cents, and a good day's work—a p-r-e-t-t-y good day's work.' He narrowed his eyes, and pursed his lips. The mimicry was unmistakable, for every boy in town, indeed, knew his employer for the day.

'Gorman! Old Will Gorman!' shouted Terry Ellis. 'But what did he want an A.D.T. all day long for, close-fisted as he is?'

'And that's for me to know, and you to find out if you can,' returned Merry. If the boys knew that he had spent Christmas Eve collecting, how they would laugh!

'Here, Parker!' called the boss. 'Here is a stack of Santa Claus as high as your head. The orders are for it to be left very quietly at the back door, and waste no time about it.'

Now Merry held the ancient saint in high regard, but before that job was finished he wished as he never had before that the reindeer and sled were still in commission. Doll carriages are knubbly things, prone to poke through their wrappings and prod one in the eye. Now and then a small parcel would work its way out, and then Merry would have to go through a regular performance of scrambling for it, and piling up, and starting all over again. When at last he came in sight of his destination, he was almost desperate, and even there he saw a crowd of children down the front steps and swarming with happy cries about the feet of a pretty young lady; so he wheeled circumspectly past, until they turned the corner on which their home stood. Then turning about, he went through the performance with the doll carriage again, and passed through the area gate to the back door. A pleasant-faced woman was waiting there for him. 'Oh, I am in such a hurry to get off with the children to sister's tree!' she exclaimed. 'I was so afraid these things were going to be late! Can't you help me upstairs with them?'

'Sure!' Merry felt that this was more like Christmas, as she slipped a half dollar in his hand, and smiled at him brightly.

'I wonder if you wouldn't like a bit of my fruit cake, and a cup of tea, she said. 'The kettle is hot, and the cake right there under that napkin, already sliced.'

'I'd thank you,' said he heartily, for his dinner had been but an apology.

'Well, then, you just sit down there and help yourself. All the rest of the house will be locked, so when you finish you can just go out of this kitchen door and shut it after you. The night latch is on, and it will lock itself. Good-night now, and a merry Christmas!' She waved her hand gaily, as she disappeared through the door that led to the front of the house.

A scurry and scamper of padded feet up and back steps. 'Woof! woof! came an angry bark. Bang! went the door, and then Merry took time to realize that he had left the area gate open when he wheeled his load through, and that here was a member of the family unexpectedly coming home, and not knowing that the A.D.T. boy was Santa Claus in disguise, quite ready to take a piece out of him. 'Woof—woof—woof—row—row—row!' How that big dog did carry on! Merry stood inside the door, and whistled and teased. It was fun. He hadn't heard a dog conduct himself like a real country-yard dog before in so long a time that he couldn't resist the temptation

WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE.

—New York 'World.'

YOU BOYS'LL HAVE TO HAVE UNIFORMS.

to prolong it. But that wasn't work so when Merry changed his tune to one more conciliatory, he was disconcerted to find that the dog did not respond. He raised the window near the door, and made various friendly advances, but the mastiff only bared his teeth, and growled more than ever. Dog talk was of no more avail than was the bit of fruit cake that lay unheeded between his paws where it had fallen.

'I wish I hadn't wasted that,' said Merry. 'Why don't you shut up that big mouth of yours? No, don't—just keep on, and maybe a policeman will come.'

No policeman came, and that part of the street seemed entirely deserted; so the boy had to set his wits to work to get out of the scrape, and back to the office. There was no chance to get out of the window by the door, for the dog would grab him at once. The lady had locked the door on the other side, and the only chance was to climb out of the window that opened on the street just beyond the area gate, and make a grand rush for safety. To wait until the family came back would be to risk staying a prisoner until twelve o'clock, calls missed, and worst of all, office to look him up. The whole thing would come out, and he would be sure not to hear the last of it for many a day. Now, if anyone thinks it is any easy matter to climb out of a window, stand on the same sill, until the sash is lowered, and then shut the blinds, just let him try it. Besides, such a performance places one in a compromising position, and when a big dog is scarcely five yards away treeing one, the situation is positively painful. Merry risked it. He first tried the snap of the green blinds to be sure that it worked easily, and then with great caution, he hung by his fingers and toes until the sash was down, and one leaf of the blinds fastened. Now for it! He hit the pavement with a bang, slammed the other blind hastily, and made off without a backward look, for there was angry 'woof—woofing, and row—row—rowing,' at his very heels. No friendly fence was near, no open door, no tree for refuge, but just at the corner a gentleman was slowly backing a big carriage out into the street ,and Merry made a frantic dash for it, landing in a heap in the back seat, safe, but very much embarrassed.

'I just jumped in!' he panted to the astonished owner.

'So I see,' returned that gentleman dryly with a glance from the boy to the dog left behind. 'And now I want to know what you were up to, back there on that window!'

Merry tried to explain, and concluded a very-much-mixed account with, 'And I am an A.D.T. you know.'

The gentleman eyed him suspiciously. 'You look very much like it,' said he. Merry felt the rim of his cap. That badge had fallen off again, probably when he jumped down. 'You look very much like it,' repeated the gentleman. 'I'll just take you to the down town office, and I rather think you'll have the further pleasure of a ride to the police station—but if you are a messenger boy, you are just what I am looking for at this particular instant.'

Merry knew that he was all right now, and full of conscious innocence he folded his arms across his chest, and leaned back to enjoy this most unexpected ride. He distinctly liked the sensation. As they came to a stop at the office door, Terry Ellis called out:

'Where's your wheel, Parker?'

'In mighty safe keeping,' replied Parker, grandly; and then he leaped to the ground by the gentleman's side, glad that Mr. Campbell happened to be near enough to the door not to be called out especially.

'Oh, yes, he is an A.D.T. all right

enough,' said Mr. Campbell, 'and his story is probably correct. But, Parker, this settles it. You boys'll have to have uniforms, and that quick——'

'Here, you,' said the owner of the carriage. 'Hop in. We will just go around to Hallam & Well's for my Christmas offerings to about fifty devoted relatives, and you may carry them into the houses, while my coachman drives for you. We will have to go back to my house after we get the things.'

'Mister,' said Merry with a sudden thought of Ned McGinniss that made him grin broadly, 'there's the Postal Telegraph place—our boys are all busy. Couldn't you send one of the P.T.'s out after my wheel—I left it behind.'

The man threw back his head and laughed, for he knew enough about messenger boys to see through the little plan.

'Have you any particular choice for that job?' he asked.

Merry made a show of reflection. 'There's a fellow there named McGinniss,' he said slowly. 'I think he'd be fine for that job, and I'll give it to him for a Christmas present. You know we A.D.T.'s don't throw business their way, as a regular thing.'—'Wellspring.'

## Helen's Christmas in Alaska.

(By Adeline M. Jenney.)

Far away on Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, lives a girl of sixteen, who had 400 persons on her Christmas list, and every one of these a foreigner, whom she had never seen until two years ago last October. This girl, Helen Cross, planned a gift for every man, woman and child of two Esquimaux villages.

Helen Cross went up to be with her father, who is the missionary. The mission house is on the Cape itself and is the westernmost house on the North American continent. It is perched on top of the mountain, overlooking the sea, and on fair days Helen can see Siberia from her window. The Esquimaux villages nestle down in the valley along the beach.

There is not a white girl nearer than Nome. The postmaster's wife, across the mountain in Tin City, is the nearest white woman, and most girls of sixteen would feel that there was not much fun in a Christmas thousands of miles from chums and mother and sisters.

Helen loves these as dearly as any girl; but she went to make her father a home and to help him as much as she could, and she has thrown herself so earnestly and heartily into the work that she gets a great deal of fun out of it.

The Christmas of 1908 was an experiment and Helen wrote, 'I have had a very pleasant Christmas, but a very different one from any I ever had before!'

About three weeks previous, she and an Esquimaux girl took a dog sled and went over the mountain to visit Mrs. Harvey, the postmaster's wife, and she showed Helen how to make her first rag dolls. They made fifteen, and when Helen went back home she invited four of the older girls to come up to the mission house and help her dress them. They also made bags for the candy.

Besides all this sewing, Helen and her father had a busy week, for there was the Sunday School entertainment to plan and a great Christmas dinner to prepare for the two villages! In this last, the four Esquimaux girls helped out, though even then it was a task that experienced housekeepers would hesitate to undertake, especially as not one of the girls, Keatkone, Ta-ma-kna-not, Weyana, Anourak, knew anything about white men's dishes.

Helen (Panea, that is, the Daughter, the Esquimaux call her) had to play the double part of teacher and cook. But they must have been ready pupils, for they managed to turn out 300 ginger snaps, seventy-five pies, sixteen gallons of pork and beans, and as many of raisins and rice, besides bread, rolls and some 500 cookies. They popped corn and roasted peanuts into the bargain.

Early Christmas morning, these Esquimaux girls trudged again over the frozen tundra, or moss, and up the steep, slippery path to the mission house, and all that morning the five girls worked as fast as they could, filling each bag with candy, popcorn and a ginger snap. At five, after the Christmas entertainment, Mr. Cross distributed them.

When the people had all gone home, the five girls took a reindeer sled and carried the dolls around to some of the village babies. Fortunately it was a gloriously bright Arctic night and Helen had the gayest time, though the babies did make her think of the precious curly-headed sister at home who perhaps was just then putting a chubby forefinger on the red cross on the wall map of Alaska and trying to explain that papa and Helen were there.

They had the dinner down in the village at the government schoolhouse. The guests arrived early—fur-bundled Esquimaux, men, women and children, each one bringing his own dishes and spoon. There was nothing monotonous about the dishes, which ranged from tin and pottery basins to tooth and shaving mugs—things that had struck their fancy when they were down in Nome bartering fish and furs.

Mr. Cross placed the people by relays at long tables, set on trestles down the middle of the schoolroom. A dozen Esquimaux boys waited on the tables, and the feast consisted of Helen's pork and beans, rice, biscuits and cookies, washed down by limitless gallons of tea, which the Esquimaux drink on every occasion.

When the serving was well under way, Helen gathered all the young girls into one corner and they had a merry little banquet by themselves, which pleased the Esquimaux girls greatly, Mr. Cross wrote; for Helen likes them so genuinely that she seems to know what will give them the greatest enjoyment.

The feasting began and closed with a prayer meeting and the Esquimaux seemed to enjoy this part quite as well as the eating. It made the banquet very different from the usual village feast of which they are so fond and which always ends in a drunken riot. Every one went away thoroughly happy, carrying what goodies were left in their funny array of dishes, and realizing, as they perhaps could not in any other way, what is the life of service and joy to which Christ's coming calls men.

The novelty of the life has, of course, worn off for Helen during the year past, and there are times undoubtedly when even more strongly than last year she longs for mother and sisters, for she is only seventeen now. But in the place of the novelty has come a strong individual interest in every one in the villages. She has nursed some of them in sickness and been with them in all sorts of emergencies. She has gone out to help women whose children were small to bring in the walrus meat from the beach, and she knows the things that they care for, so that she has been looking forward to making Christmas the brightest day of their lives. And in this she has found the surest cure for homesickness.—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

## Blessed Christmas.

(Carolyn S. Bailey.)

How many shining tapers to light a Christmas tree,
How many toys and dollies for little folks to see,
How many prancing reindeer to dash across the snow,
How many little stockings all hanging in a row,
How many merry carols, how many presents, say—
To make for little children a blessed Christmas Day?

Ah, listen, once on Christmas there came a baby boy,
The stars his Christmas tapers, and mother's love his joy;
With only hay to wrap him and cattle by his bed,
And yet he heard the angels come singing overhead.
A very little loving and grateful hearts alway
Will make for little children a blessed Christmas Day.

—Selected.

—New York 'Times.'

## Yuletide Babies.

(An Old English Christmas Custom.)

Yuletide babies! Yuletide babies!
Who will buy? Who will try?
Shap'd so neatly, bak'd so featly!
Children sweete, buy and ete.
Buy and ete.
To youre playferes spread the joyful cry!

Yuletide babies! Yuletide babies!
Tost for you—browne their hue!
'Twas no sloven watch'd the oven;
'Twas no knave, prone to save—
Prone to save—
Roll'd and cut these Christmasse cates for you!

Yuletide babies! Yuletide babies!
Would ye knowe what they shewe?
Mary Mother ('tis none other)
And that Love from above—
From above
Lowly laid in manger long agoe.

Yuletide babies! Yuletide babies!
As she stands, her two hands
(Joyn'd in meeting) clasp her sweeting,
Who at rest on her breast—
On her breast—
Throwes one arme from out His swaddling bands!

Yuletide babies! Yuletide babies!
Boy and girl, where's the churl
On this morning would be scorning
Nowel fare—but would share—
Were he childe of yeoman or or earle!
—Edith M. Thomas.

## Have You Done Your Share?

When the Christmas pies are all baked and the turkey awaits in the pantry the offices of the hot oven on the morrow, when the tree is trimmed and the little stockings hung in a row and the children tucked into bed, sit down in the quiet and darkness, and take stock of yourself ,or, rather, of your deeds, which are but the reflection of your character. You have done well by your own, you say, every little heart under your roof will be made happy on Christmas morning, the old folks will receive the things which are so comforting to age and will renew once again their youth in the joy of the children, the guest within thy gates and the servant in thy house will share in the bounty of your Christmas generosity. Even the woman who will come in to-morrow to help with the dinner, because you are kind and do not ask too much of the cook, will go away with a full basket and a lighter heart, for you have made it possible for her to make happy her little ones. You had a generous share in the Christmas offering to foreign missions and you spent hours and hours at the church, decorating for the children's festival. But if this is all you have done, you have not done enough. One poet has written that the purest form of unselfishness lies in the heart of the father and the mother.. A cynic has said that the average mother is the most selfish being on earth ,for her heart is drained of charity, mercy and pity in doing for her own. The cynic is wrong, since no statement is true unless it is wholly true; but there is a lesson in his words. If you have not gone out of your way to find the needy, if you have not sacrificed yourself, and, if need be, your own, to bring a little Christmas sunshine into some darkened home, no matter how you have worn yourself in doing the things that came to your hand, you have not done enough.—'Home Herald.'


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**CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL FREE**

or, if the Christmas Number is exhausted when your letter comes, we will send you a copy of the New Year's number of this delightful illustrated monthly magazine.



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## How to Help the 'Messenger'

Do you know how you can help the publishers to make the 'Messenger' better and better, that you and all its many readers may find it more and more enjoyable? Just get more people to take it. If every 'Messenger' reader got JUST ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER within the next three months, think what an army of new readers that would make! Do not sit still and merely wish you could get a lot of new subscribers to join your favorite paper, but go to work and get one anyway. You like the 'Messenger.' Say so; tell your friends about it, and interest them in it. We will gladly send you sample copies to show them.

But, above all, if you know a Sunday school that does not take it, and, perhaps does not know how good the 'Messenger' is, and how cheap, show them your copy, and tell them they can have a supply sent FREE OF CHARGE for three weeks to try it in their school if they will only send us the name of their secretary or superintendent, and the number of copies they would need to put one in every family represented in the school.

You would help still more if you would send direct to us the name and P.O. address of the superintendent and secretary, and pastor, if any, of any Sunday school in Canada (outside Montreal) that you know does not take the 'Messenger.' Mention the denomination and state about how many scholars attend, and we will gladly send them samples, and our lowest terms. Then, in recognition of your kind introduction, we will send you, as long as they last, a

## To the Christmas Cake.

From far and spicy islands,
From gentlest southern meads,
The ships of commerce swift and brave
Have waited on thy needs;
And haught that I was wishing
From twice ten thousand miles
Has waited for its coming,
Nor stopped for siren smiles.

The fragrant balm of Araby
Breathes forth within thy realm;
To bring thy dusty sweetness here,
Bold sailors grasped the helm
The pride of snow-white dairies
Its richest gold makes thine;
For thee, the grape and citron,
The product of the vine.

Behold the rites of measure!
The weal of cup, of spoon;
The ancient roll of beaten bowl,
Eve's hand had sounded soon;
Thus I, the race's daughter,
Obey the mothers' word,
To keep the time of agelong rhyme,
And stir as they have stirred.

Now see, thy plastic substance
Waits one more gift, the fire;
I kneel as prone as priest of old
To test thy last desire,
Oh, may there be, I swift decree,
Such slow and tender heat
As in my grandsire's oven brick
Once made thee dark and sweet!


HIGHEST FOOD-VALUE.

EPPS'S COCOA

is a treat to Children, a sustenant to the worker, a boon to the thrifty housewife.

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In strength, delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

CHILDREN THRIVE ON "EPPS'S."

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In latest Paris doll fashion, including Hat, Under Garments and Stockings, given for selling 16 packages of our famous STAR SHEET BLUING at 10c per package. We trust you with Blue until sold. Write today for Blue, and we will also send our Premium Catalogue showing number of Handsome and Valuable Premiums which we give for selling our goods.

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO., Montreal

Watch, watch the hours slow going,
Each yielding gifts benign;
The oven's pride shall still abide,
And this shall be the sign:—
When firm and true and high shall rise
Thy noble structure brown,
And richly, deeply, darkly hued
Shall shine thy sides, thy crown—

Then shall I bear in triumph
Thyself, O Christmas cake!
To wait the coming of the day
When all shall thee partake,
And bits of thee for love and luck
Shall travel over seas;
Let all who eat our goodwill greet;
Heaven grant them joy and ease!
—Grace Jewett Austin, in the Springfield 'Republican.'

## The Christmas Dinner.

By all tradition the proper bird for Christmas is roast goose, and whatever vegetables are served with it, do not omit fried apples and the most delicate of white turnips. Goose is a very rich meat, and is hardly suitable for children, so if tradition is to be preserved there must be another meat dish on the Christmas table. Fried chicken, Maryland style, will be acceptable to the average child.

To prepare roast goose, singe, draw, and wash well, wiping out the inside with a damp cloth. Fill with a chestnut dressing. After trussing the goose, envelop in a buttered paper and place in a moderate oven. Cook for an hour and a half, if the fowl weighs no more than four or five pounds, basting frequently. Remove from the oven. Skim all the fat from the gravy, and add a thickening of flour and butter rubbed together. Let this boil up once, then strain into a sauce bowl.

The cooks in the best Hebrew and Roumanian restaurants in New York are practically unsurpassed in the art of cooking a goose. When roasting the bird, instead of filling it with dried crumbs and herbs they stuff it with dried apricots or prunes that have been thoroughly freshened by standing in water. No spices or other condiments are added, and while it is probable that more geese are cooked in that way in New York than in any other fashion, epicures are just beginning to talk about the fact as if it was a new discovery. Therein is a hint for those who desire to improve the domestic cuisine.

In the South the only thing to be thought of for the principal dish is roast pig. A Kentucky recipe calls for a breadcrumb dressing, seasoned with summer savory, onion, and parsley. After the dressing has been put in the pig it is rubbed well with butter, sprinkled with salt, pepper, and flour. The skin is cut in squares with a sharp knife, and the pig is put into a roasting pan with a little hot water. Roast in a moderate oven, basting frequently for three hours and a half. Have the dish on which the pig is served a bed of parsley or water cress, and send to the table with a lemon in the pig's mouth.

There are so many ways of stuffing or rather making a stuffing for a turkey that it is difficult to choose which one to follow or to tell which is best. One of the best the writer remembers to have tasted was made by an old-fashioned cook in Virginia. First the bread was sliced and toasted a light brown, then put in cold water to soak for a few minutes. While the bread was soaking six strips of bacon were being fried out on the stove. A large onion and some parsley and one little stalk of celery were being chopped fine in the chopping bowl. When the vegetables were chopped the toasted bread was lifted from the water, squeezed rather dry, and put with the vegetables in the chopping bowl and thoroughly chopped and mixed with the vegetables; then the fat of the fried bacon was poured over the mixture, after that a very little powdered

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Subscribers whose renewal is due at the end of December, or, indeed, any time during the winter months, are respectfully urged to arrange for it without delay, either by sending direct to us, or by paying it in promptly to your local club raiser. This will materially help us in the rush of year-end business, and at the same time will prevent possible interruption of service or loss of a copy, when the revision of our lists are made. Our subscribers need to remember carefully that such revision is largely automatic, and names are cut out by reference to the date on the address label only, so that even our oldest subscribers may be cut off quite without our knowledge, just because they have forgotten to watch the date on the label. Better renew a little before the time is up, for you lose nothing by it, since renewal always dates from end of present subscription. The change of date on the address label is our acknowledgment that the renewal has reached us, so if the label is not changed within two or three weeks, better write us and inquire, to be sure the money has not gone astray. Remit by money order, postal note or registered letter, at our risk.

John Dougall & Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

See announcements elsewhere about clubbing offers and premiums.

**A Splendid Chance for Boys**

Any boy reading this advertisement can easily earn fine premiums, or add to his bank account regularly, by selling the popular 'Canadian Pictorial,' Canada's national illustrated monthly magazine, at only 10 cents a copy. Nine copies sold secures you your choice of three splendid pocket knives, a pair of good scissors (as a gift for your mother) or a rubber stamp and pad—your own name and address. A watch and chain for selling only 25 copies. Other premiums in proportion. Generous cash commission if preferred. Write us a postcard to-day for a package to start your sales on, and we will send them on at once; also full particulars of our plan. Address Boys' Sales Dept., John Dougall & Son, Agent for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTY CO., MONTREAL, Que.

sage and sweet marjoram, some salt and black pepper were added, the whole thoroughly mixed and the turkey stuffed with it.

Nothing is better to begin the Christmas dinner with than an oyster cocktail, that is, if the dinner is the average American affair, without wines. A Boston Cooking School oyster cocktail is made as follows: Two teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of tobasco sauce, two tablesspoonfuls of tomato catsup, the juice of two lemons, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these and allow the mixture to get very cold. Just before the oysters are served divide into six portions and put into cocktail glasses, and set in the centre of the oyster plates, the stems of the glasses half buried in cracked ice. Arrange the half shells around the glasses. As the oysters are eaten they are dipped in the sauce. Little brown bread and butter sandwiches are served with the oysters.

Appropriate salads to serve with the various roasts served on Christmas: With roast pig, apple and water cress; with turkey, celery farci with lettuce, or celery and orange; other combinations being celery, apple, and English walnuts, or plain celery and lettuce; for roast goose nothing is better than plain blanched lettuce or escarole. Other delicious salads for the holiday are bar-le-duc cream cheese, and lettuce; green pepeprs cut in long ribbons, blanched walnuts, and lettuce hearts; and grape fruit and English walnuts served on lettuce leaves.

These are all familiar except possibly celery farci. There are several variations of this, but this recipe will be found satisfactory: Wash well and chill the white stalks of the celery, and fill the hollow of the stalks with a mixture of cream cheese, very finely chopped green peppers, and a seasoning of salt and paprika. These are served really as an hors d'oeuvre rather than a salad, and need no dressing.

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## THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER'

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|---|---|
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| With the 'Canadian Pictorial' worth $1.40, for only, - - - - - | $1.10 |
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| | |
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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office, - - . Montreal.

The men who had recognized the star recognized also the Lord of the star. Nothing else in the story so declares their wisdom as their kneeling down before this little speechless child and offering their gifts. The star itself was not so wonderful as that.—George Hodges.

## The Boy and the Teachers.

(By Eleanor W. F. Bates.)

'How can I get the boy into the Sunday school?' 'How can I keep him in it?' This is the refrain which rises constantly from teachers of depleted classes with small and irregular attendance. How do you attract friends to your house? How do you get anybody anywhere? By cordial, repeated invitations, by hearty welcomes when they arrive, and hospitality galore. It is said boys stay away from Sunday school because they do not want to be 'preached at,' using this phrase in its colloquial sense. This may be true, and it is also true of adults. But instructions under that name, and the gaining of interesting knowledge are to a boy's

## ...estern Sunday-schools

...w of a NEW Sunday-school or ... school worker in the West to wh... would like to introduce the 'Messeng... just send us the name and address, and we will gladly send a package free of charge, and our very liberal terms specially made to new schools in the West, and to you we will send the 'Canadian Pictorial,' as indicated above. Address: John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, Dept. S.

senses two widely different things. A boy is in this world to learn; he is learning something all the time, he can't help it; the point is, shall he take in useful and desirable knowledge, or shall he spend his time assimilating something which in later years he far rather, perhaps, would not have known, but cannot dismiss wholly from his memory?

Why can't we remember that boys are embryo men, and hate tyrants, despise deceivers and loathe hypocrites now as much as they will ten years later? We don't value boys, as boys, enough. We love them to distraction while they are dimpled, pratling babies; when they reach manhood, we are mightily glad to lean on them, profit by their strength, appeal to their judgment, rely on their common sense; but between times, so to speak, they are either turned off to shift for themselves, or preached at, snubbed or scolded till it is remarkable that their brains are not addled.

When looking around this indifferently-governed world with its incompetent mothers, careless fathers and weak or tyrannical teachers, one wonders, not that some boys turn out badly, but that any boy ever amounts to anything. The grace of God will turn the most unpromising boy into an upright citizen and a good Christian; but that does not absolve all mothers, fathers and teachers from first cultivating and then exercising in the boy's behalf, love, patience, sympathy and all their kindred virtues.

A well-intentioned Sunday school teacher is no rare bird; you fall over him on every corner; but a really good and successful teacher is a pearl of great price. He is born, not made. Such a teacher is fitted to govern cities and States, he is broad, sane, has poise. He neither scolds, coaxes nor preaches; he has the gift of instruction, but his chief hold on the boy is his own life and character. He sends out waves of influence in every act and motion, nay, in every thought, since 'thoughts are things'; and his spoken word, though mighty, is perhaps his last important gift to the boys. He has no trouble in getting the boys into Sunday school, nor in keeping them there. A magnetic word, a vivid glance from him, and the boys follow with gladness.

And this teacher, wise and experienced, says that the best way to keep a boy in Sunday school is never to let him leave it. Introduce him to it very early, in the kindergarten stage; let him see you expect his attendance as you expect him to come regularly to his meals. Let constant attendance in his class be the normal thing, absence not being allowed for in the scheme of the universe. The time will probably never come when he will wish to drop out, particularly if his Sunday school is one of those wise and fortunate ones which do not close during the summer. The long summer vacations, every superintendent will declare, mean every year a certain percentage of loss in attendance; and although most of the absentees return on the appointed day of reunion in the fall, a few never do.—The 'Standard.'

'At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land.
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.'

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so myself, to begin with.—Arthur Helps.

'A happy, happy Christmas,
Be yours to-day!
O, not the failing measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding,
While years are swiftly gliding,
Be yours, I pray,
Through Him who gave us Christmas Day!'


**Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.**

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male, over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years, from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption, may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.


## NAMES WANTED

How many readers of this paper will send us ten names and addresses in Canada, outside Montreal, to whom we can send samples of the 'Messenger' and the 'Witness'? They should be names of adults, heads of families preferred, and no two residing in the same house. If you will do this, we will send you in recognition of your services a copy of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' Canada's popular illustrated monthly, price 10 cents a copy; exquisite pictures, good fiction, good music in every issue. Please give names and addresses accurately, using the full name where you can in preference to the initials. Address, Dept. S., John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.


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150 Songs with music, 15 cents; 110 Comic Recitations, 15 cents; 20 Humorous Dialogues, 15 cents; Famous Dramatic Recitations, 15 cents. 2 books for 25c, 4 for 50c, postpaid.
USEFUL NOVELTIES CO., Dept. "N," Toronto, Can. 1949



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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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